The Nation.

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The Week.

The spectacle of seventeen Democratic Senators voting against free lumber is one calculated to do an enormous amount of damage to their party. The Democrats in their platform specifically stated that if they should be given charge of the nation's affairs, free lumber would be one of the first results of their administration. When the opportunity came on Monday, Senator Bailey and his sixteen associates voted for a tariff on lumber, just as if there had never been a Denver convention. Moreover, when chided for his action, Mr. Bailey replied that he would not surrender his "conscience and judgment" to the delegates at Denver, a declaration of independence which, if universally followed, would speedily make party platforms as useless as a mastodon on Broadway. Commendable as independence may be in individuals, fixed convictions are indispensable for parties if they would attract the votes of men who believe in the sacredness of pledges. Men who look for sincere and honest observance of campaign promises will be much less interested in the Democracy hereafter. That the Democratic party has protection traitors in its ranks, has been known since the days of the Wilson bill. Monday's vote shows clearly how little encouragement the independent tariff-for-revenue men would have received had Mr. Bryan been elected, and had the tariff bill been in Mr. Bailey's hands for passage in the Senate.

The ever-present and ever-attractive sentimentality of the South found expression at Charlotte last Thursday in Mrs. Stonewall Jackson's greeting of President Taft. Next to Lee, no one is more enshrined in the hearts of Southerners than the sturdy general who paraded the Virginia Military Institute cadets at the hanging of John Brown, and later fought so magnificently from Bull Run until his death on the field of Chancellorsville at the age of forty. That his widow should, just forty-six years later, welcome an Ohio President so gracefully and warmly as the "great harmonizer of all our hearts," is welcome proof of the softening passage of the time. Not more so, however, than the recent presentation to the battleship Mississippi of a silver service marked with the portrait of Jefferson Davis. But few have protested; no one has waved a really "bloody shirt," as would have been the case had there been such an incident twenty years ago. Where else in history is there a duplicate of this spectacle—this honoring of a defeated traitor and a rebel in this semi-official, if not official, way, after so short a lapse of time, and this without any change in the national belief that Jefferson Davis's cause was morally wrong and the occasion of a fearful loss to the nation?

The Georgia Railroad, five hundred miles long, is at a complete standstill; its negro employees have been dragged from their posts, and the property of the company gravely endangered. Why? Because the Order of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers has determined that negro firemen shall be forbidden to occupy positions on passenger-train engines. It is a race issue pure and simple. To its great credit, the railway has manfully stood by its negro employees. It declined to accept the suggestion of the union, because "the adoption of such stipulations would utterly and completely destroy the reasonable rights of seniority in runs which had been acquired by negro firemen by long service, and who had been found worthy of promotion simply as firemen by reason of their efficiency and faithfulness." Unfortunately for the railway company, there is an anti-negro demagogue in the Governor's chair at Atlanta. Hoke Smith, leader in negro disfranchisement, is the last man to meet this situation properly. His political ambitions have not been quenched by his failure to secure re-election, and so he tells the railway that it cannot have the protection of troops because he has not enough militia to patrol 500 miles of road! He offers no train guards, and forgets that if he has not troops enough to permit an unoffending corporation and still more unoffending citizens to continue their lawful business, he has the United States government to fall back upon. The Governor, like the labor unions, probably fails to see that, quite aside from the American tradition of fair play to every man who is doing an honest day's work, he is wrong from a strictly business point of view. Triumph of the union's policy spells economic disaster for a section which continually complains that it cannot get trained workers from the negroes in sufficient numbers for its mines, mills, and shops.

In the long war against anarchy, few blows have told more than will the Supreme Court's decision against two sheriffs and four other citizens of Hamilton County, Tennessee. At last every little semi-barbarous community, North and South, has received notice, from an authority it cannot ignore, that the price of defying law is heavy and will surely be collected. The notice has been served late, but it was bound to come. Lynching, and all that goes with it, began as an impulse. Men were resentful toward sluggish courts and the legal sophistries that allowed criminals to escape justice. But, long ago, the impulse became a habit, and then the point of view changed. There was no pretence of helping the law along; lynching became merely the hot will of the mob. The Chattanooga outrage in 1905 typified this new sentiment. Because some townsmen thought a negro ought not to be allowed an appeal from local courts, the sheriffs invited a riot and surrendered their prisoner without even feigning resistance. In punishing them for contempt, the Supreme Court opens the way to thoroughgoing reform.

The prospect that, within a fortnight, the Supreme Court justices of New York may be conferring to rationalize their procedure, almost makes one think human nature is changing. Lawyers hate change. A few far-sighted jurists, like President Taft and Gov. Hughes and Judge Brewer, preach reforms which will give the poor litigant a fair chance. But that the ninety-seven leaders of the New York bench should even invite one another to contemplate such a move, defies history. One would like to read in their project the death-sentence of the legal formalist, whom men long ago found guilty. But between sen-

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tence and execution, many a day will slip by. Some causes of delay and crowded calendars ought to be removed with no difficulty. The double appeal, for instance, is a defenceless imbecility; reversal on immaterial technicalities cannot survive criticism. Other reforms are debatable. When the justices come to instruct the Legislature, however, in the art of drafting statutes which a court can interpret at first reading, thorns will spring up. The amateur statesman deems it his inviolable right to jot down a pet measure as the spirit moves. And we fear he will not yield, even if assured that his cumbrous and confused laws delay and confound the administration of justice even more than do the antiquated court rulings.

This year's Peace Conference at Mohonk took a higher tone than the last one on the folly and peril of great armaments. The swift development of the big-navy mania, with its inevitable accompaniments of suspicion, jealousy, and hate, during the past twelvemonth, fairly compelled this attitude. Never did the argument that great navies are the surest guarantee of peace appear more hollow than in this present year of grace and madness. If something is not done to forestall this wicked craze, an explosion will follow that will shake the world. The Mohonk Conference appealed to President Taft to take the initiative in calling an international congress to work for general disarmament. Our neutral position certainly would enable us to make such advances without exposing ourselves to the charge of selfish motives. Mr. Taft must personally sympathize with the objects aimed at by the Mohonk delegates, though it will take time, and be a matter of delicacy, to make the necessary diplomatic approaches. But the need of applying reason to a wholly irrational state of affairs is urgent. A move for disarmament now would be on a par with President Roosevelt's intervention in order to bring about peace between Japan and Russia, and would be as heartily applauded by civilized nations. We greatly hope, therefore, that President Taft may soon undertake negotiations. One English speaker at Mohonk expressed the desire that the United States government might give Germany a good scolding! That is a fine illustration of the precise disease to be cured—a blind antagonism and unwillingness to see that anybody is at fault except foreigners.

Incredible though it may seem that wages in any occupation have dwindled during the past twenty years, while the cost of living has been rising, Prof. Guido H. Marx demonstrates that this has actually happened in the case of college instructors. His article in *Science* on "Some Trends in Higher Education," based on information from Harvard, Cornell, Wisconsin, California, and Leland Stanford, makes clear that the college professor is much less to be pitied than his colleague of lower rank. Poorly remunerated as the professor still is, his salary has been slowly approaching its proper size; but the instructor's has dropped so far that, "in purchasing power, the average teacher of 1908 is but 60 to 70 per cent. as well off as was his colleague of twenty years ago." At Johns Hopkins the average instructor now receives $725 a year, at Brown $734; at most other good colleges nearly $1,000, and sometimes a little more. Now, the significant fact in all this wretchedness is that the average instructor is to-day the average college teacher. Professor Marx points out that, twenty-five years ago, there was a full professor for every fifteen or twenty students, while now there is only one to every forty to eighty. Instructors and assistants, however, now comprise one-half, or even two-thirds, of many a university's teaching staff.

It is easy to explain how the instructor has been brought to this pass. Our colleges have been growing faster than their purses; house must be joined to house and athletic field to athletic field, that the enrolment may measure up as long as any rival's; so, of course, the budget committee's pruning knife has to trim the greenest shoots. But what is the price of such economy? Let each recent alumnus, Professor Marx suggests, asks himself how many of his courses brought him into live contact with the distinguished men of his college. Rather, we should say, let him ask how many of his young instructors had lapsed into a stupefying routine under the pressure of outside odd jobs undertaken to make ends meet. Or let him ask how many of them failed to inspire because they were easy-going young bachelors, with no ideals above a dormitory room, $15 a week, and a long summer loafing. To be well educated, one need not sit at the feet of a Remsen, a Norton, or a James; but a teacher is indispensable who can give his best, and whose enthusiasm has not been killed. A full supply of such men our colleges are not furnishing. Nor will they, so long as scholars have to work, until well past thirty, for the wages of a New York street-sweeper.

Hopes of many American golfers were dashed last Monday by the putting out of Jerome Travers in the first round of the British amateur championship. The belief had been held, and with good reason, that he was able, if he would only take care of himself, to hold his own with the best English players. However, golf is perhaps supreme among all games in yielding a full supply of adversity's sweet milk, philosophy. It is good to win, but if you are beaten you can at least have the satisfaction of moralizing about defeat. Nowhere else is the element of truth more apparent in the cynical French saying about the comfort to be got from the misfortunes of one's friends. If even a master of golf, like Travers, can flub three or four tee-shots out of eighteen, find himself bunkered and trapped without excuse, and miss a critical put of three feet—why, it shows that there is not such a tremendous difference between the best of us and the worst. Chronic duffers will now say that Travers knows how it is himself. And the severe moralists of the game will find their highest claims sustained. How can you deny after this, they will ask, that golf summons into exercise a man's finest powers and virtues? Let there be but a momentary lapse, nervousness at the first two holes, a wavering eye at the tenth, slackening watchfulness or determination at the thirteenth, and you see how fated is disaster. If Travers had won, there would have been much glorying, with praise of the perfection of his style, and many exhortations to go and do likewise; but we are not sure that the sterner practitioners of the game will not find in his speedy defeat material for still more fruitful reproof, correction, and instruction in golf righteousness.

Earl Grey has broken a precedent by

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choosing to fill out his six years as Governor-General of Canada, instead of resigning at the end of the fifth year. This is a frank and manly way of saying that Earl Grey likes Canada. It carries the implication that the Canadians are fond of their Governor-General. On this point there is abundant testimony. Not even the popularity of Lord Dufferin was so great as the strong personal liking for Lord Grey throughout the Dominion. The constitutional limitations surrounding the chief executive in the English scheme of government are naturally reinforced in Canada by the fact that their Governor-General is a stranger imposed on them from without. There was once an inclination among Canadians to look upon their chief executive not only as a figurehead, but as one from whom great interest in the people that he nominally governed was neither necessary nor desirable. Lord Grey has refused to be the formal figure of a viceroy. He has travelled about much, mingled with all kinds of people, and evidenced as deep an interest in the future of the Canadian West as the native-born.

Concerning the panic about invasion that is now afflicting England, we get little here but the shrieks and alarums of the Opposition, because that makes good news. We scarcely hear of the dogged way in which men like Winston Churchill and War Secretary Haldane are standing up to the hard task of instilling common sense into the fevered minds of their countrymen. For instance, in all this clamor about German invasion, the war maniacs have been taking it for granted that the British army is an utterly negligible factor. Only a year or two ago the British alarmists used to fall into a cold chill over a German raiding party of 5,000 men that might land at any time anywhere and do anything they pleased. But after a while even the humorless Jingo mind awoke to the fact that 5,000 foemen were a pretty small scarecrow to frighten a puissant nation of some forty millions. So the raiding party of 5,000 men jumped all at once to an entire German expeditionary corps. Now what are you going to say? Suppose the British fleet is enticed away or held in check while 30,000 Germans land in Yorkshire. What will you do then without an army or with this army of yours which even Lord Roberts pronounces a sham? Answers Mr. Haldane: We have an army, and it is not a sham. He stated the other day that England has her expeditionary force—her standing army—which consists now of 167,000 men, "trained to a much higher standard than Continental armies." Behind them is a reserve of 150,000 men, of men who have served their term in the regular army. Behind them are fourteen divisions and fourteen brigades of Territorials; Mr. Haldane admitted that it was not known how much these were worth at the beginning of a war, "but they were worth something." In other words, some 320,000 English regular troops, backed by a militia of probably half a million, ought to cope with the German expeditionary corps that is going to land in Yorkshire. "I am not much concerned," said Mr. Haldane, "about the bolt from the blue." But since when have facts appealed to the Jingo? If he wishes to see German airships hovering over the mountain top once crowned by Arthur's Camelot, why, dash it, sir, he will see 'em.

The failure of the French general strike was inevitable. Without serious preparation, a handful of irresponsible leaders attempted to bring about a conflict which only the most bitter necessity could excuse, and only the most resolute attitude on the part of the entire working population of a country could render successful. In Russia, four years ago, it was the whole nation that struck—railway employees, telegraphers, clerks, physicians, lawyers, and judges. In Austria, universal suffrage was granted because there, too, it was evident that the mass of the nation was aroused. In France, the occasion was inopportune and the cause was frivolous. It all grew out of the postal strike of a few months ago. That strike was settled when the employees received what they assert were assurances that the head of the postal department, the obnoxious M. Simyan, should be got rid of. The government denies that it made such promises. In so many words, of course, no government would make such a promise. Yet there can be little doubt that, if the postal employees had given M. Clemenceau time, M. Simyan would have gone. Had he been sacrificed immediately, there would have been clamor in the Chamber that the Ministry had surrendered to the unions. The good will of those unions M. Clemenceau does not despise, but the safety of his Ministry came first. When, therefore, the labor leaders began praising him for the dismissal of Simyan, it was evident that they were looking for trouble. The outcome shows that they found it.

As a result of the conference between Von Bülow and the Kaiser, it is announced that there will be no resignation, and that there is the fullest accord between them on all matters relating to domestic or foreign policy. The Kaiser, as a special mark of favor, has asked Von Bülow to accompany him to the Sängerfest at Frankfort-on-the-Main. Beyond doubt, this public support will strengthen the Chancellor's hands; but it in no wise solves the difficult Parliamentary problem before him. The latest to voice the demand for a solution of the fiscal dilemma is the Bavarian heir-apparent, Prince Ludwig, who has just come out strongly for the proposed inheritance tax, and urged the Reichstag, in the name of patriotism, to terminate the existing deadlock. But this appeal to the Conservatives is like asking our Congressmen and Senators to vote on the tariff bill without regard to local interests and special privileges. There is at present little prospect that when the Reichstag meets again, after its brief adjournment, the *bloc* will be in any softer mood or more united than it is to-day. But the chances seem to be that some compromise will in the end be reached—in no sense a genuine reform of the whole fiscal system, but merely a makeshift.

South African union now seems assured in the near future. After the proposed Constitution had been discussed by the separate colonies, with some amendments strongly urged, it was referred back to the Convention at Bloemfontein. There it was changed in some particulars—the plan of proportional representation, for example, being dropped—and was then signed by all the delegates of all the colonies. Speedy ratification is now looked for. The English Lord High Commissioner, Lord Selborne, made a speech at the public banquet given after the Constitutional Convention adjourned, in which

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he said that the whole affair was in the hands of the South Africans themselves. The political bread which they might choose to eat would be home-made. Lord Selborne predicted that when the matter came before the Imperial Parliament, the only competition between English parties would be to see which could interfere least with the work of the Convention. We may, therefore, count speedily upon having to learn to shape our tongues to the new political designation, Commonwealth of South Africa.

A SHORT WAY WITH CONSUMERS.

When Mr. Pickwick was sued by Mrs. Bardell for breach of promise of marriage, it occurred to the elder Mr. Weller that the defence ought to concentrate its efforts on establishing an alibi. Very much akin to Mr. Weller's scheme is the argument lately hit upon by good friends of the tariff. Is it in behalf of the consumer that the demand for a downward revision of the schedules has been advanced? Then deny that he exists. There is no such person known to man. We are all a lot of happy, happy producers; and for everything that is taken away from us by the Dingley law, we get back something else, and, precisely as if we were in Ireland, a little more besides. The New York *Sun* makes merry over the myth of the consumer, the rhetorical figure, this pure abstraction that has its origin in the brain of the Cumminses and the Dollivers, the Borahs and the Baileys and Beveridges.

The Chicago *Inter Ocean* follows suit, but takes the trouble to reason with the deluded ones. Do the farmer and the mill-hand consume without producing? Does the clerk? Do the lawyer, the minister, the journalist, the actor, the college professor? Which of these fails to profit by prosperity? Which of these, therefore, is the "simon-pure consumer" you are looking for? And the *Sun* and *Inter Ocean* leave us confounded, too dazed to make the point that it is not we, but they, that have dragged out this unhappy abstraction of a "simon-pure consumer" whom they have so pitilessly gored. "You protest against the extermination of the cherry-colored South American elephant with a duck-bill and a taste for French water-colors? *There is no such elephant!*"

It needs no ideal consumer to hammer home the iniquities of tariff plunder. Outside of Tahiti and our own most exclusive circles, we are all producers and consumers in part. But it is one thing to show that the average American citizen takes as well as gives; it is another thing to say, The taking and the giving balance perfectly. Q. E. D. In that maladjustment between income by the grace of Dingley and outgo by the grace of Dingley, lies the crux of the problem. Granted that John Smith produces as well as consumes. But what the tariff does to him in his capacity as consumer is very well known. What it does for him in his rôle of producer is by no means so clearly evident. The tailor, the grocer, and the candlestick-maker speak more definitely to the point than the compiler of Republican statistics on the increase of the country's savings deposits. Is it the advocate of the rights of the consumer that deals in theory and abstraction, or is it the *Inter Ocean*, when, finding it "obvious" that Protection showers blessings on the "clanging mills, the peaceful farms, and the busy marts of trade," it bends down one cheerful finger after the other:

> If the mills have less work the lawyer for the mills has fewer cases. If employment is less varied and plentiful there are fewer people with means to pay the preacher. Missionary contributions decline in hard times. And men who look at newspapers chiefly in search of jobs are not the "regular subscribers" who give the journalist peace of mind. Neither do they come numerously to weep or laugh with the actor.

Has a fuller circle of human felicity ever been traced?

But if the lawyer on his average munificent income of five or six hundred dollars a year, the college professor who is a little better off, the doctor who is a good deal worse off, the preacher, the missionary, the country teacher, were to protest that somehow or other the whole happy scheme of protection does not quite fall into such perfect adjustment, he will be told that his troubles are only temporary. "Ultimately" is here the great answer and panacea. For a man who has had so much fun with the ultimate consumer, your tariff man is very fond of the "ultimate" adjustment of earnings and cost under Protection. The price of the mill worker's coat goes up the moment a tax is clapped on clothing, but his wages rise ultimately. The college teacher finds the cost of children's shoes and hats, of eggs and butter and beef, grow from month to month almost; his salary follows ultimately—say about the time necessary for the money he has contributed to the Oil Trust to get back to him in the form of an endowment. The bookkeeper, the clerk, the country editor, feel the pinch in the present, but look for solace in the ultimate. The city school teacher sees everything go up but her salary—rents, clothes, food, recreation. Her salary will go up, ultimately; as soon, we suppose, as the boys and girls she turns out have become prosperous wage-earners, and by enriching the nation as well as themselves will make it possible for the city to increase its teachers' pay. Problem: Find the age of our school-teacher when she gets her increase—ultimately.

There is no such thing as a consumer. The Western Senators who are clamoring for a reduction of duties do so against the desires of their constituents, as politicians always do. There is no such thing as a consumer, but the Republican national platform held out the promise of revision because the issue was unpopular with the country, as political platforms always do. There are no consumers, but Mr. Taft found it necessary to pledge himself and his party to a cutting down of tariff schedules. He did it because he wanted to lose votes after the fashion of all candidates. Strange, is it not, that a powerful political party should have let itself be frightened by so obvious a myth as the consumer? Now, the unscrupulous jobber who is actually responsible for high prices, he is a real person. The retail dealer who robs the public in turn, he is a real person. The Protection Senator who would never dream of letting manufacturers draw up his schedules for him, he is a real person. But the consumer? A wraith, sir; a pure abstraction! How absurd to imagine that we are anything else but a people who prosper, like the inhabitants of the Scilly Islands, by taking in each other's washing!

UNKNOWN DIPLOMATS.

The recent death of Friedrich von Holstein, long in the service of the German Foreign Office, was barely mentioned in the cable dispatches to this country; but in Germany, as well as in France and England, the significance of

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his career was understood. He was one of the men who greatly serve the state without public recognition. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* goes so far as to say that Herr von Holstein, after Bismarck's retirement, was really "the director [*Leiter*] of our foreign policy." Yet he was not even an under-secretary! His place was, by preference, in the background. Personally, he was the most retiring and publicity-hating of mortals. In an age when everybody is photographed in every possible relation of life, not a single portrait of Von Holstein exists. In a land of uniforms, he did not even own a dress-suit! Such at least is the inference from the story that, when the present Emperor expressed a desire to meet the extraordinary man who knew and did so much but was so rarely seen, Von Holstein replied to Prince Bülow, who invited him to dinner to meet the Kaiser: "But I don't believe that I have a dress coat. I will try, however, to get one made in time, and, if I can't, perhaps the Emperor will take me as I am."

This Privy Councillor of the Foreign Office worked in silence and privacy, but he worked with iron industry, and made himself an almost indispensable master of the entire foreign relations of Germany. Prince Hohenlohe once described him as "the diplomatic chart of the German Foreign Office." Trained under Bismarck, he served that statesman in the Arnim affair, and enjoyed his confidence and respect—until he refused to retire along with his chief. After that, the customary venom from Friedrichsruh was shot at him. But the quiet man stuck to his post, added steadily to his vast knowledge, and under successive Chancellors and Foreign Secretaries got the threads of German foreign policy more and more firmly into his own hand. Those who ought to know assert that he was more responsible than any other man for the German seizure of Kiao-chau in China. Von Holstein's real authorship of the policy pursued by Germany in Morocco was so practically avowed that, when it failed, at Algeciras, his official retirement soon followed, just as if he had been a responsible Minister. His great attainments were never questioned, though his judgment might be impugned and his methods criticised. He seems to have been a lover of indirection. One of his colleagues once said of him: "If he wanted to get to Madrid from Berlin, he would go round by Jerusalem." This quality in the man gave point to the objection made against him that he was too clever by half—*überklug*. It is a grave fault in any public man, gravest of all in a diplomat.

The main suggestion of such a life as Von Holstein's is the enormous importance of the permanent officials of any government. They seldom get much of the glory, but they often have the satisfaction of doing most of the work. Their superiors come and go, but there they are, year after year, with their hand on the very pulse of the machine. In all departments, such men are to be found, who simply must be retained, even under the spoils system, because without them the public business cannot be done. And as the foreign policy of any country is, or ought to be, the most continuous of all governmental policies, it comes about that these inner-office diplomats, the men who are seldom seen and never heard, inevitably acquire great power. Lord Salisbury used to say that the policy of England in India was really dictated, not by the Secretary for India, or by the Viceroy, but by the permanent officials of the India Office. A. L. Lowell's volumes on the "Government of England" bring out strikingly the way in which the old employees of the Colonial Office, or the Foreign Office, come to look with contempt or apprehension or complacency, as the case may be, upon their temporary chiefs. One secretary coolly wrote of his superior that he was "not more in pupilage than is necessary and natural." It was once declared in Australia that "the million and a half of Englishmen who inhabit these colonies . . . have been really governed by a person named Rogers." This Rogers was a permanent under-secretary. He calmly wrote of even so competent a Chief Secretary as Lord Granville: "He is very pleasant and friendly, and I think will not meddle!"

In our own Department of State, we could not point to any official who has held a position precisely like that of Von Holstein. We have, to be sure, our repositories of precedent and authorities on ceremony, like Mr. Adee, but it may be doubted if any one of them ever aspired, or was able, to play such a part in directing foreign policy as did the late *Geheimrat* of the German Foreign Office. The difference lies partly in our traditions, but more in our circumstances. The isolation of the United States, with the comparative simplicity of our foreign relations, has not made it necessary for our State Department to command the services of a man like Von Holstein.

He died at seventy-two, after a diplomatic service of forty-five years. Of the patriotism of such unrecognized servants of the state, there need be no question, but one wonders if they do not sometimes have, as they review their work, what Busch called in Bismarck "an affection of the nerves." Under one such onset the Iron Chancellor said:

> There is no doubt whatever that I have caused unhappiness to great numbers. But for me three great wars would not have taken place, eighty thousand men would not have been killed, and would not now be mourned by parents, brothers, sisters, and widows.

Such flashes of insight, or twinges of remorse, must now and then come even to the diplomats behind the diplomats.

CHEERFUL DESTROYERS.

It is curious to observe how the "wild-eyed" socialist agitator has vanished from the newspapers. His place has been taken by the "parlor" socialist who comes of American ancestry, shaves every day, and expresses his views in well-modulated tones and with due regard for the feelings of his audience. When he embraces Socialism, he does not necessarily hurl his gauntlet into the face of society. Ask him, and he will tell you that his quarrel is not with society at all, but with those who keep the social system from being as comfortable as it might be made. That the world can show many pleasant things even now, he won't deny; differing sharply in this respect from his predecessors of a few years ago, to whom even the prospect of nature was spoiled by the utter vileness of man. To-day, some socialists find Palm Beach in February just the quiet sort of place for writing editorials on tuberculosis in the tenements. They will tell you frankly that they like Palm Beach, and that if only the entire American "proletariat" could come to Florida with them, their cup of happiness would be quite full. Their cup of happiness, as a rule, is of fine Dresden.

If one should charge the leaders of

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Socialism with insincerity, it would be falling into the bad manners which socialists themselves are fast discarding. The most intelligent socialists, for instance, do not attack Mr. Rockefeller or Mr. Carnegie in person. The proper course now is not to hate them, but to be sorry for them. Mr. Rockefeller is as much the victim of the present insane social system as the unemployed workman at his gates. Present-day socialists accept things as they are to the extent that they can see how essentially weak is man and how powerful are the circumstances that shape him. They can understand why Mr. Rockefeller should like his ease. They can see why he should believe what he believes in. They have come to recognize that men are men first and capitalists, or socialists, afterwards. Hence a decided cheerfulness of tone about latter-day Socialism, with comprehension of the fact that, even in this poor world as it is, socialists have a good deal to enjoy and even something to learn.

We do not know how socialists amused themselves in earlier days, but the chances are that play was looked upon as somewhat inconsistent with true Marxian zeal. To-day the *International Socialist Review* of Chicago advertises an artistic pack of socialist playing cards on which John D. Rockefeller is the king of spades. He holds a sword labelled Profit and Interest in one hand and a University in the other. Across his breast runs the spirited verse:

> I love to oil the college wheels
> And grease the pulpit stairs
> Where workmen learn to scorn the strike
> And trust to Heaven and prayers.

The publishers are quite right in describing these cards as "just the thing to break new ground for socialistic propaganda." Shall there be no cakes and ale because Karl Marx once lived, no pinochle and skat and poker? "Get a workingman to read what is on these cards," say the publishers, "and he will be mighty likely to show some signs of intelligent discontent by the time he lays them down." Particularly if the other man holds all the socialist aces.

Whether there are socialist playing blocks on the market, we do not know. But there is no reason why socialist children should not build little labor exchanges and coöperative commonwealths on the floor, and improve their spelling at the same time. There is no telling how far back one could go. Socialist infants might cut their first teeth on a rubber link from the chains that bind the workingmen, and nursery bottles might have blown into the glass, "This is the way capitalism drains the laborer." Going from fancy to fact, we might point out that so austerely spiritual a socialist as John Spargo has condescended to write a story-book for children, which is entertaining as well as instructive. There is a chapter on Robert Owen, and there is another chapter headed "A Little Talk on Karl Marx." The socialist Sunday-schools are firmly established in New York, and their children's fête at Cooper Union recently was a high-spirited entertainment. It must be these Sunday-schools which make use of the "Socialist Primer," that has greatly stirred up the editor of *The Square Deal*.

Yet one only has to read the citations from the "Socialist Primer," printed in *The Square Deal*, to see how vain is the fear of its editor. Lesson V has a picture of a heavy representative of the predatory classes spurning a beggar. The text is:

> Here is a man who begs. Why does he not go to work? He would, but he cannot get a job. Can he not go to work in a shop? No, for a fat man owns the shop. Can he go to work in a mine? No, for a fat man owns the mine. Can he go to work on the land? No, for a fat man owns the land. It is a great scheme! When the thin man can get work, he must work for the fat man. The thin man is poor. Is the fat man poor? The thin man makes the fat man rich. Would you like to be the thin man?
>
> Who works for the fat man?
> Who is a slave?

Now, we submit that this is miles away from the pike-staff and the bomb. Are society and the family really in danger of violent disruption at the hands of people whose sense of humor overflows even into their schoolrooms, who buy their children picture books, teach them socialist songs and dances, and are themselves fond of a quiet game of cards?

THE "QUARTERLY" CENTENARY.

Periodicals have their *fata*, as well as books, and time has brought about the hundredth year of the continuous existence of the *Quarterly Review*. Founded in 1809, as a Tory counterblast to the Whig *Edinburgh*, its influence for many years upon English politics and literature was undeniably great. With famous editors and still more famous contributors, it made or marred the fortunes of many a public man and many a writer. If it has recently sunk from its high estate, this is doubtless due more to the changed habits of reading, and the consequent new conditions of successful publishing, than to any disastrous falling off in ability. It is not a little pathetic to see the *Quarterly* in these latter days endeavoring to assume its old rôle of arbiter of the fate of nations—as in its violent attacks upon Germany. To use an expression of one of its own founders, George Canning, this irresistibly gives the impression of "the contortions of the Sibyl without its inspiration."

As the ups and downs of political parties are, after all, of less significance, or, at all events, of less perennial interest, than the general intellectual movement expressed in letters and science, it is the historic place long held by the *Quarterly* in literary criticism which most prompts to comment. It early raised many questions of editorial and publishing ethics, or, at least, etiquette. The first editor, Gifford, was a valiant knight of the blue pencil. Inviting the ablest pens to contribute, he wreaked himself upon their manuscripts in a way to evoke groans from the authors. Southey, in particular, was subject to ruthless evisceration by Gifford. It may have been the poet laureate's unhappy experience that Byron had in mind, when he wrote, in "Don Juan," about his intention to

> —defy
> All other magazines of art or science,
> Daily, or monthly, or three monthly,

for the reason that

> —the Edinburgh Review and Quarterly
> Treat a dissenting author very martyrly.

But this custom had its reverse. Some writers were permitted in the *Quarterly* to review their own books! Walter Scott was the best-known favorite, in this way, though his chief motive was to keep up the mystification about his authorship. Yet in his article about himself there were some passages of extreme laudation. This seems very strange, coming from the man whose "Journal" showed that he took the most hard-headed view of his own productions, receiving extravagant praise with ill grace and private grunts of "Nonsense!" But it is now explained that these highly flattering sentences were inserted in Scott's review by the editor, Gifford. This revelation relieves

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Sir Walter, but the indelicacy of allowing a writer to be his own anonymous critic remains without justification. It is said to have been "a not uncommon practice of Gifford's day."

The most famous, or notorious, contributor to the *Quarterly* was unquestionably John Wilson Croker. For years his secret pen was a terror to Englishmen in all walks of life. Statesmen, great figures in society, poets in particular, suffered from his ambushed attacks. It is probably not true that his stupid and brutal review of "Endymion" —"so savage and Tartarly"—had much if anything to do with hastening the death of Keats; but it was a thoroughly wrong-headed performance, as was also the same critic's sarcastic reception of Tennyson's first poems. The feud which raged between Croker and Macaulay—who deliberately set out to "dust that varlet's jacket"—may very well have served to fix the popular estimate of the former's attainments too low. Yet that there was a certain tang of malice in much that he wrote, seems indisputable. It is implied in the "one good thing" of Sir Robert Peel which is recorded in the biography of Kinglake. Standing before the portrait of Croker in the Academy, "Wonderful likeness!" said some one; "it gives the very quiver of the mouth." "Yes," said Peel, "and the arrow coming out of it."

If changed mental habits and altered methods of publishing have made all quarterly magazines appear more or less like survivals, even in Great Britain, the reason for their decay or disappearance in the United States is still more obvious. Years ago, Lowell wrote, apropos of our then most famous quarterly, the *North American*, that it was destined to become extinct in that form—it would, he said, like a megatherium, crawl off into a swamp to become a mere fossil. Such was the inevitable tendency of the time. It persists to-day. Serious reading of deliberate writing is at a discount. Even the monthlies find it difficult to maintain a high standard, intellectually. As for the great mass of readers of print, to which our system of free education has given birth, what they desire is, not a magazine that appears once in three months, but a newspaper that is issued once in three minutes. In place of matured judgment, what is in favor is "brawling ignorance all day long."

ATHLETICS ON THE DEFENSIVE.

Columbia University, in the course of the next few days, will more than wipe out the blot on her 'scutcheon which the elimination of football left there. South Field, the university's playground, will have passed through the first stage of a process of reconstruction which aims to make it one of the most elaborate athletic grounds in the country. Probably no other university can vie with Columbia's new field in convenience of location. Franklin Field at Philadelphia is not very far from the campus, but South Field is nearer still, lying literally at the very doors of the college hall and dormitories. New York University has its football field and running track on the campus, but New York University is not situated in the heart of the city, and we take it that the facility with which thousands may come and cheer will continue to be an important consideration with athletes. When all the work is done. South Field will have a football field inside a four-lap track, tennis courts, and a grandstand of which the exact dimensions have not yet been determined. The class of '99, which celebrates its decennial next month, commenced the rebuilding of South Field in conjunction with the class of '84. The classes of 1900 and '85 will make a beginning on the grandstand. In the swift procession of decennials and quarter-centenaries South Field will not have to wait long for its complete equipment.

In its splendid gymnasium, its new track and field, and its boathouse but a few minutes away from its doors, Columbia owns a magnificent athletic plant. The interesting question is whether this elaborate and costly apparatus is to be used for the good of the university community at large, or whether, after a few years of obscuration, the star athlete is once more to seize the centre of the stage at South Field, while the anæmic mass of undergraduates cheer from the grandstand. If Columbia persists in her present policy of giving the ordinary man a chance at play as well as at study, she faces unlimited possibilities of good. For the freshman and the sophomore, a minimum of work on the gymnasium floor is already compulsory. If the requirement should be extended to the upper classes, and if the scope of the work were widened so as to bring every undergraduate out into the open air, and, possibly, on the water, the principal evil of our present ferocious athleticism would be in a fair way to disappear. For the chief trouble with the cult of the body in our colleges is not so much that a few undergraduates make a religion of athletics, as that the great mass of students do not make it a daily, sensible pursuit. In a way, the two evils are connected. Where every undergraduate played at some game or other, the exceptional athlete would still get his just meed of admiration. But there would be absent the senseless hurrahing and celebrating.

The cause of the average student against the star athlete gains in strength as physical directors, coaches, and trainers continue to tell tales out of school. Athleticism as a fine art, or the only art in life, is somewhat on the defensive. It is not only that athletics have been accused of not doing enough for the average undergraduate, but that the star athlete himself does not seem to be deriving quite all the wonderful advantages he was supposed to obtain from an exclusive devotion to play. The general public has the notion, for instance, that athletics do not conduce to longevity. Coaches and directors have been called upon rather frequently of late to explain that the death of former college stars was not due to over-exertion. Whatever the merits of this particular question may be, people have usually passed it over, in view of the many cardinal virtues that football or rowing was supposed to inculcate. Courage, resourcefulness, self-restraint, fortitude under defeat, sacrifice of self for the common welfare—these are but a few of the moral benefits of an undergraduate course in football. Comes now Dr. Nichols, late of Harvard, and on many essential points begs leave to differ. Sports do not develop physical courage, which, after all, is "one of the commonest traits in the world." The factor of endurance is much exaggerated; there really isn't much pain and exertion involved. Fair play, he says, is not always present in an athletic competition. Of the theory that athletics keep young men out of bad habits, he thinks little. Yes, there are good features. The athlete is trained in obedience, in "coördination, and co-operation, in self-restraint now and then."

Now, once upon a time, it used to be

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supposed that books, too, exercised some sort of moral influence. Courses of study used even to be called "disciplines." The much-belauded virtues of the athlete have somewhat obscured the fact that perhaps there is as much self-denial in saving on one's meals to pay the college fees, as in subjecting one's self to the rigors of the training-table. Perhaps there is as much tenacity in sitting up over one's books with a headache as in plunging down the field with your cheek laid open. Perhaps there is as much self-restraint involved in giving up a pleasant engagement, in order to cram for an examination, as there is in refraining from slugging the man with the ball. Athletics are a moral agent in so far as they provide an outlet for superfluous energy and satisfy nature's demand for play. But it is hard to see what moral value inheres in a crazy system of athletics which promotes muscle-worship among 5 per cent. of our students, and leaves the men of studious tastes and of average or poor physique ashamed to do what they ought to do for themselves and what they would like to do, on the gymnasium floor and in the open air.

ART AND ACTUALITY.

That Anatole France's "L'Ile des Pingouins" is one of the wisest and wittiest books of our day most of its readers agree. Many, however, would regard as almost unreadable the considerable portion that deals with recent French politics. So sharp a contrast in mood and quality deserves a moment's attention. In the early chapters of the Penguins—an allegory of the origins of civilization—Anatole France asserts himself as a true successor of Cyrano de Bergerac and Dean Swift, and yet has never been more engagingly himself. Since Rabelais, universal satire has not invested itself with equal geniality, yet the smiler, as a true satirist should, wears a knife under his cloak. Not less imaginative than these legends of the bad childhood of the race is the final sombre vision of a great modern city literally bursting from the pressure of the social hatreds it has engendered. It would be hard to say whether our author is more admirable in imaginative retrospect or in prophecy; it is certain enough that he is not admirable at all when he shadows forth his own times. In the middle of this book, the adage to the contrary, you cannot go safely.

Why are the Boulanger affair and Dreyfus, why are the vicissitudes of the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry, worse subjects for imaginative prose than the acclamation of the first king or the ultimate triumph of anarchy? Because, we think, there is both too much and too little in these modern subjects. Too many facts, too little meaning. It is to the tyranny of the fact that M. France has succumbed most lamentably. Long stretches of his book sink to the level of the *roman à clef*. Why? Because, we think, he is obsessed by the unescapable actuality of MM. Reinach and Labori, Millerand and Delcassé. Of all the moderns, only Boulanger (Chatillon) and Gen. Mercier (Greatauk) appear either impressive or real. And here there seem to be special reasons that favored detachment and perspective. Boulanger was more of a superstition, a casual portent, than an effective personality. He was, in short, that rare occurrence: a ready-made hero of legend. As for Mercier, utter scorn of him seems to have given to our author that calm out of which must grow the finer generalizations of the imagination. What is superlative is already legendary, and Mercier was nothing if not superlative.

That the other moderns should cut but a pale figure was inevitable. Anatole France has lived too deeply in their experiences. In his desire to condemn, to vindicate, or simply to do justice—all motives of a perturbing sort—he misses the serenity of the creative spirit. In his solicitude to represent, he almost forgets to invent. The result is a streak of dull allegory in a fabric elsewhere highly symbolical and imaginative. How far this partial failure was in the nature of the case, how far due to individual causes, we shall not attempt to decide. Evidently, the personal factor has counted for something. To one occupied with the infancy and decrepitude of an entire civilization, the Dreyfus case need not have loomed so large, nor yet the aberrations of the present Parliamentary régime in France. Here the individual scale seems at fault, if for natural and even laudable reasons. Taking the incident more broadly, it may afford an argument to those who believe in the complete disinterestedness of art. At least the moral holds that when you would soar in the interstellar spaces of legend you must not draw up in your vortex too much dust from the boulevards or the Bowery.

Yet the daily spectacle becomes refractory stuff for the artist the moment he works in the spirit of an interpreter. He may record it, travesty it, gossip about it with impunity. Any attitude toward it, save the judicial, seems acceptable to the muses. Nevertheless, the temptation to judge one's own times will probably remain irresistible. The artist who fails before this proof may draw comfort from the thought that for being less of an artist he has been more of a man. With the paradox that art must not too overtly serve its own day and generation we cannot deal now. Has it not troubled the moralists from Plato to Tolstoy—and Anatole France?

RECENT GERMAN POETRY.

Comparison of some volumes of verse recently published in Germany with those that were coming out about ten years ago has a twofold interest. It proves that the mind of the modern German, then soaring in the heights of the Overman and circling about the ego, has gradually returned to earth, and that contempt for the conventional vehicles of poetical expression is no longer considered a necessary adjunct of individual power. The prophetic grandiloquence of Zarathustra-Nietzsche, then at its height, has since subsided. The cheering yawp and the swinging stride of Whitman's Muse find no longer so direct and noisy an echo, but there are evidences that some of his wholesome spirit has been assimilated. Eroticism, too, then a theme frankly presented in manifold variations, enters but feebly into the verse of to-day. All these facts are significant.

Though incomplete, owing to the refusal of Stefan George and Rainer Maria Rilke to allow the use of their poems, the little anthology compiled by H. Federmann, and entitled "Der Schatzbehalter" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), is fairly successful in the attempt to bring together the most striking figures of that earlier period and a few of the most recent. Liliencron, Dehmel, Holz, Mombert, Dauthendey, Hofmannsthal, Schaukal, Greiner, Vollmoeller, and Ricarda Huch are well represented. The compiler wisely omitted poems by Liliencron that are already generally familiar, but included "Cincinnatus," the brave and helpful message whereof one cannot too frequently hear.

The refusal of Stefan George to be included in this modest anthology does not come as a surprise to any one who has watched his attitude of aristocratic isolation since his name first appeared

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as editor of the *Blätter für die Kunst*. For that admirable magazine of poetry, in which he had the coöperation of Franz Evers, Karl Wolfskehl, Georg Edward, now a professor at the Northwestern University, and other men since distinguished in various departments of German letters, was designed for private circulation and for an exclusive taste. George was Germany's prophet of "art for art's sake" at a time when the cry for "vitality" and "truth" made poetry a handmaid of criticism and propaganda. While his idiosyncrasies of typography and punctuation were duly ridiculed, he was respected as one of the few who, in a time that clamored for realistic treatment of the tangible themes of every-day life, went his own way towards a purely artistic ideal.

"Der siebente Ring" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.) is representative of his art. He has revived archaisms and accepted provincialisms with amazing freedom, yet they never obtrude themselves unpleasantly upon the ear. His style is succinct and pithy, his images are striking, though a bit farfetched. He rarely attempts the lighter metres, but moves along with a solemn uniformity of measure and motion which might be fatiguing, were not the range of his subjects and his moods so large. But he stands aloof from the world's current in a field too exclusively æsthetic.

There is some affinity between Stefan George, a translator of Baudelaire, and Rainer Maria Rilke, who has done into German the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," and whose latest verse, "Der neuen Gedichte zweiter Teil," is now published by the Insel-Verlag of Leipzig. He, too, refuses to walk over well-trodden paths and to adapt his step to the measure of the multitude. He has ideas, and when he touches a subject previously written about, always strikes out a new meaning. His plastic touch can visualize a psychological problem, as in "Der Auszug des verlorenen Sohnes," or even a spiritual condition of the people, as in "Gott im Mittelalter."

Wolf Graf von Kalckreuth, the son of the painter Leopold von Kalckreuth, was known at his premature death only as the translator of Baudelaire and Verlaine. Now a volume of "Gedichte" has been published by the Insel-Verlag and proves him a poet of distinction, though not of marked individuality. The sonnet-cycle dedicated to Napoleon contains some impressive imagery.

Readers familiar with the Young Germany of the nineties will greet with a touch of sadness the title-page which reads: "Leuchtende Tage: Neue Gedichte," von Ludwig Jacobowski (Egon Fleischel & Co., Berlin). It is proof of the poet's hold upon his people that these poems should be issued in a third edition eight years after his death. Although his social conscience was early awakened and the burden of the poor of all the world rested as heavily upon his shoulders as the burden of his race, Jacobowski did not share the defiant and challenging attitude of his comrades. His was a soul stunned rather than steeled by suffering, physical and spiritual, and the key of his song was a sombre minor. He won the sympathy of his people by simplicity of sentiment and by an unstudied form closely approaching the folk-song.

Bruno Wille, who had early joined the group of youthful iconoclasts in Berlin that made the modern school, and who later became the founder of the Freie Volksbühne, offers a selection from previously published volumes, with the addition of some new poems, under the title, "Der heilige Hain" (Eugen Diederichs, Jena). Above all his fellow-poets, Wille has the sense of nature and the open. He loves the intimate beauty of the pine groves of his Friedrichshagen home, and his walks with his friend Bölsche along the shores of the Müggelsee, historical as the scene of Hauptmann's "Einsame Menschen," disclose to him ever new sources of delight and comfort. He is by nature a worshipper and a preacher, and a gleam of humor breaks rarely into his solemn, reflective mood. Of his earlier poems one is pleased to meet again "Der ewige A b c Schütz," quaint and thoughtful, "Die Silberpappel," and "Wandervögel"; but misses "Mutter Erde."

Cæsar Flaischlen, who belongs to the generation of the Harts and the Hauptmanns, of Bölsche and Wille, came into prominence fifteen years ago through his drama, "Martin Lehnhardt," which summarized the individual rights claimed by Young Germany. But his attitude has since matured into a philosophical acceptance of things as they are, with an invincible hopefulness for the days to come. He goes toward "the divinity within" with cheerful unconcern for the bustling crowd about him. He insists in the preface to his "Zwischenklänge" (Egon Fleischel & Co., Berlin) upon the "Recht auf Zeit," without which the artist must lose his own kingdom. No winter is too long for him; for when the gray days of autumn come, he takes home with him the sunshine and the songs that summer gave, and cherishes the memory until the coming of another spring. This is the message of the "Stimmungen" and of the group entitled "Von Festtagen und Werktagen."

While Flaischlen has gradually developed a form of his own which lends itself effectively to proverbial verse, the most conspicuous among the late newcomers, Alfons Paquet, seems to have chosen Whitman as his model. His book, "Auf Erden," at first privately printed and now revised and enlarged, is published by Eugen Diederichs of Jena. It proves him to be essentially a poet of our day. He is equally at home in the solitudes of nature and in the press of city life. Nothing in the noisy bustle and strenuous struggle jars on him. His business training in London, his economic studies in the universities of Heidelberg, Munich, and Jena, and his travels in Asia and America have taught him to accept features of modern life that revolt his brother poets. He undertakes to interpret our time in verse, as the Dane Jensen does in prose.

Even among the women who have recently attained some prominence as writers of verse, there can be noticed a distinct deviation from the Frauendichtung, which had developed in the nineties. There are no such extraordinary figures among them as Maria Janitschek and Margarete Beutler, whose finer poetical qualities were obscured either by visionary symbolism or by their erotic note. Katharina Weise's "Aussaat" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.) compels attention as the work of a girl barely twenty, admitted by Carl Busse into his collection of Neue Deutsche Lyriker. The little book is distinguished by simplicity and sincerity, and shows not a few examples of fine imagery, as in the poem entitled "Heimliche Wittwen." Ricarda Huch is somewhat disappointing in the "Neue Gedichte" (Insel-Verlag, Leipzig). Still, they show her individual vision and the refinement and intensity of feeling that give an intimate charm to all her writings. The sonnets of Rosa Mayreder, "Zwischen Himmel und Erde" (Eugen Diederichs, Jena), manifest a rare intellectual aloofness. She wrestles with questions of conscience and problems of life, analyzes the relation between man and woman, and in one of the sonnets foreshadows a future not unlike the third kingdom of Maximos the Mystic in Ibsen's "Emperor and Galilean." But the most ambitious work is the epic poem, "Die Kinder der Lilith," by Isolde Kurz (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.). Boldly deviating from tradition, she gives a new meaning to the ancient myth by making Lilith the heaven-born woman whom the Lord had given to earth-born Adam to keep alive in him the flame of ideal aspiration, while Eve has been created by the jealous Samael, otherwise Lucifer, to accomplish the fall of Adam. But the son to whom Lilith gives birth in heaven after the exile of Adam, falls heir to the mission she was to fulfill. The children of Lilith are the heroes, seers, and poets of the world that carry the torch of the ideal.

The safest sign, however, of the slow return to old ideals and old forms is the recent revival of the Ballade. With the exception of Liliencron, Carl Busse, Georg Edward, and a few others who never claimed seriously to be classed among the moderns, the poets of the

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last decades have shown little liking for the form which was used so richly by Goethe, Bürger, Uhland, and Droste-Hülshof. It is by no means insignificant that two writers looked upon almost as regenerators of the lost art, Lulu von Strauss und Torney and Börries Freiherr von Münchhausen, spring from the aristocracy of their country. Chivalry, feudalism, and mediæval folklore have always been favored as subjects of the ballade, and it is only natural that poets of noble lineage should choose the form that best lends itself to the commemoration of traditions stored up in the family chronicles. Yet, without being an ultra-modernist, one must feel that the endless praise of feudal loyalty, the loves of pages and princesses and kindred themes of times gone by, are unfruitful anachronisms. The Balladen of Lulu von Strauss und Torney have in them more of the spirit of our time than do those of Münchhausen, though the popularity of the latter is by no means undeserved. It is evident from his "Balladen und ritterliche Lieder" (Egon Fleischel & Co., Berlin) that Münchhausen has mastered the form as has hardly another German poet of the day, even if he has not infused new life into the deeds of Ziska and Bayard, of the Beaumanoirs and the Montbijous. These Balladen and the lyrics in the second part of the book show as little relation to the standards set up by the Young Germany of the nineties as if that lively group of heretics had never attempted to "revalue old values." The Old World is, indeed, living at a rapid pace.

A. von Ende.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

On June 1 and 2 the Anderson Auction Company of this city will sell a miscellaneous collection notable chiefly for the large number (135 lots) of books by or relating to Oscar Wilde. Included are some very unusual and out-of-the-way editions of some of his books. First editions of Bret Harte, books relating to New York, books on the War of 1812, and Lincolniana are other classes represented.

On June 3 they sell the collection of book-plates formed by H. E. Deats of Flemington, N. J. This is one of the most extensive in the country, containing nearly ten thousand specimens. In 1894, Mr. Deats purchased the collection, about 3,500 plates, formed by James Eddy Mauran of Newport, who is said to have been the pioneer book-plate collector in America. The American plates, which are likely to attract the greatest interest, include specimens engraved by Paul Revere, Nathaniel Hurd, Alexander Anderson, Peter Maverick, and other early engravers, as well as extensive series of the work of the modern favorites, E. D. French, J. Winifred Spenceley, W. F. Hopson, and others. The introduction to the catalogue is by Charles Dexter Allen.

On June 2 the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company of this city will sell the autograph collection of J. E. Spannuth of Pottsville, Pa. Letters of Holmes, Lowell, Aldrich, Whittier, Halleck, and other American authors are included. On June 3 and 4 they will hold miscellaneous sales. In the sale of the later date is included a collection of book-plates engraved by E. D. French and others, books on book-plates, books from the Daniel and Roycroft Presses, first editions of Whittier and Oscar Wilde, and a series of fourteen first editions of Brander Matthews's books, each inscribed in the author's autograph.

A descriptive catalogue of the early editions of Shakespeare in the library of Eton College has been compiled by Walter W. Greg and published at the Oxford University Press. The collection of quartos includes twenty-two editions of eighteen plays bound in five volumes. Several are imperfect and others are described as poor copies. Ten, including two of the spurious plays, were printed before the appearance of the first folio in 1623. The first folio in the library is a small and inferior copy, with Ben Jonson's verses and title-page in facsimile. The third folio (with 1664 title) is also inferior, but the second and fourth folios are described as fine copies. The bibliographical descriptions are full and accurate. At the end a Critical Summary gives a list of the plays, which shows their location in the four folios, and, where they appeared earlier in print, notes the dates of the various editions in quarto.

It is reported by cable that the recently discovered volume made up of four of Caxton's books and bound, probably, in his workshop, described in the *Nation* for May 6, brought $13,000 at Sotheby's on May 21.

Correspondence.

THE NEW COPYRIGHT LAW.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I beg leave to enter a respectful protest against your editorial endorsement in your issue of May 20, of the violent and, I am sure, unjust characterization of the new copyright law by a radical German deputy, Dr. Heinrich Muller, as a "crazy potpourri of modern ideas and peanut protectionism." I do not know to what pernicious "modern ideas" Dr. Muller may refer, but he does not inspire confidence in his intelligence when he states that the law was "proposed" by President Roosevelt.

I am aware that the *Nation* has always held protection sentiment responsible for the manufacturing clause in the present law. In the memorable contest of 1891 much confusion existed in the minds of legislators concerning the protection afforded by the tariff and the protection afforded by the proposed copyright law. If a bill had been introduced to protect the White House by burglar alarms, it would have been opposed in certain quarters as a high tariff measure. The result was that at the last moment the bill lost a number of votes of friendly Democratic Senators who suspected that somehow they were being delivered into the camp of the enemy. May I say, very gently, that the *Nation* contributed to this result by its references to the bill as a protective measure because of the manufacturing clause, and that, in order to counteract this influence, Mr. Godkin was appealed to to write, and did write, a letter saying that the *Nation* was not opposed to the passage of the bill? This letter, I may add, proved of substantial value. Nobody ever doubted Mr. Lowell's position as an opponent of a high tariff, and yet he did not on this account waver in his advocacy of the only copyright legislation then practicable. It is most unfortunate that the subjects of tariff and copyright should be confused, and particularly that it should not be borne in mind that the influence that has secured and sustained the manufacturing clause is not protection sentiment, but the influence of the labor interests of the country in solid support of the International Typographical Union. You are at liberty, if you choose, to call the protective tariff and the manufacturing clause each a concession to a wrong conception of the interests of the American laborer, but beyond that, it seems to me, the identification is not reasonable, and only makes more difficult the task of liberalizing, not to say perfecting, our copyright statute. The fact that the new law was passed with unanimity in both houses was more than a personal triumph for Representative Currier and Senator Smoot; it indicated that in Congress the confusion with the tariff issues has virtually disappeared.

Again, I beg to remind you that so far as books in languages other than English are concerned, with one slight exception as to illustrations, the manufacturing clause is repealed by the law just adopted. In 1891 music and art were perfectly protected, as they still will be; but in the matter of books, we then unintentionally, indeed unwittingly, gave to non-English authors a "gold brick." The manufacturing clause kept them from obtaining practically the benefits theoretically offered by the law, so that since its enactment the average of such books entered for copyright has been not more than one a year. This disability was in the interest of nobody, and created for such authors a just grievance, and when the revision was undertaken four years ago the Council of the Authors' League set out to procure its abolition, and this has now been accomplished. In fact, with the slight exception of commercial lithographs and photo-engravings, the non-English author is in more advantageous position under the new law than the American, who must manufacture here. Dr. Heinrich Muller appears to be biting the hand that feeds him.

I am not intending to discuss here the more or less important defects of the law—some of which are real and some imaginary, and most of which experience will remedy—but to set forth some of its advantages. To include those already mentioned, they are:

(1.) Extension of the time of security from forty-two to fifty-six years for every existing as well as every future copyright—including, of course, all foreign authors, artists, and composers. A liberal provision of vast importance.

(2.) Abolition of all manufacturing restrictions on the original text of books of foreign origin in languages other than English. This is ideality incorporated in law.

(3.) Abolition of the manufacturing clause for foreign photographs.

(4.) Ad interim term of sixty days for

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English authors without prejudice to their American rights. This, in some measure, meets the objection that the manufacturing clause is particularly hard on an English author's first book.

(5.) Full recognition of the right to renew copyrights in composite works. This important question has been much in doubt.

(6.) The requirement of but one copyright notice for magazines and other composite work. This point has never before been legally determined.

(7.) First legislative declaration in America that the copyright does not go with the sale of a work of art.

(8.) Abolition of the requirement of a disfiguring copyright notice on the face of paintings and engravings.

(9.) Extension of the number and character of copyrightable articles.

(10.) Fair adjustment of the amount of damages, with discrimination between intentional and accidental infringement.

(11.) Clear definition of legal procedure.

(12.) Simple and explicit declarations relating to the formalities of copyright.

(13.) Unification of the variety of terms first proposed.

(14.) A provision, however inadequate, by which musical composers may obtain compensation for the use of their works on mechanical instruments.

(15.) The declaration that copyright is not forfeited by accidental errors in the notice.

Incomplete as it is, this must be confessed to be a remarkable record.

Let us remember that it is less than twenty years since the most flagrant piracy of intellectual works flourished in this country without legal hindrance, and that, although the bill does not accomplish all that was desired, it was most important that Congress should go on record in favor of longer and stronger security. It is much to be regretted that when our law-makers have taken such an important step forward their work should not be greeted with appreciation. It is said that republics are ungrateful, but there ought to be one exception in the republic of letters, and I am sure that authors and other owners of copyright property in this country do not lack appreciation of the patient, devoted, and laborious efforts of the Joint Committees of Patents to provide a liberal and progressive copyright statute.

As for foreign sentiment, that it is not adequately represented by Dr. Muller's speech, will be evident when it is stated that I have received from officials or copyright authorities of Germany, France, Switzerland, Italy, Denmark, Mexico, and Japan, appreciative letters of thanks for the action of the Council of the Authors' League in championing the modification of the manufacturing clause. We were under the impression that the removal of the just grievance of friendly nations, which was a source of exasperation to them, and of shame to us, was a service to the country, as well as to the profession of letters—justice being (in international dealings) as much better than arbitration as arbitration is better than war.

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON,
Secretary of American (Authors') Copyright League.

New York, May 21.

[Allowing for all that our correspondent points out, it remains true that the United States yet continues apart from the civilized nations which, through the Berne Convention, assure to foreign authors and artists perfect equality with native.—ED. THE NATION.]

THE BIRTH OF A LEGEND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Students of history are familiar with many instances in which the mention of an important event, or of essential details concerning it, will suddenly appear, for the first time, in chroniclers centuries later than its assigned date. The real "source" may be nothing more than a late poetic creation, or even a deliberate and malicious forgery; yet it is often most difficult to strip off such accretions from the authentic account. A curious illustration of this is, even now, in the air all about us.

The craze of the hour is the "Marathon race." The most familiar name among all Greek heroes to-day is—Pheidippides. The Information Bureau of every newspaper is supplying inquirers with spirited accounts of the first battle for freedom against the Persian invaders, followed by the tale of the patriotic sprinter who takes back to Athens the news of victory, and drops dead as he pants out the words: "Rejoice! We win!" Even as a teleological myth, this is hardly a success. At least, it gives no encouragement to defenders of the heart-breaking long run.

A brilliant university professor of history asked me the other day for the Greek source of this tale, saying he couldn't find it in Herodotus. To be honest, I expressed surprise, and at once promised to point out the chapter! And yet, a dozen years ago, in a paper on Robert Browning, it had been asserted that the nineteenth century poet invented the whole incident.

The case is such a startling one, that we hope some classical man, within reach of a large library, will verify the statement. Pheidippides is authentic enough, and he did make a creditable "cross-country run," over vile roads, to summon aid from Sparta, on the first news of the Persians' landing. Herodotus records the legendary addition, that the great god Pan stopped the courier in an Arcadian dell, reproached the Athenian folk for ignoring him in their state cult, but promised them aid when most needed. This pledge was fulfilled by the "Panic" fright which turned the tide on the plain of Marathon. "No more but so."

No martyr-messenger was needed: the whole army returned the same day to Athens. An attentive study of Browning's poem, especially when compared with his avowed recasting of the Alcestis legend in "Balaustion"—not to mention William Morris's far more unfilial treatment of the same heroine in "The Earthly Paradise"—will probably convince the critics that no deception was intended. The colophon is offered by Browning himself as a fit though wholly imaginary crown for an heroic life. The spirit of it all is Hellenic and Herodotean, though not the letter.

But the weight of general belief is so strong, that the present writer is even now afraid he is betraying scandalous ignorance of some *locus classicus*. The two Greek words that head the poem χαίρετε, νικῶμεν! seem to wake a far-away echo in memory. But even if some late Greek gossip, like Athenæus, did declare (as Browning does), that the use of χαίρετε as a greeting dates from this use of it by Pheidippides, that, in any case, is both untrue and absurd. "Every schoolboy knows" that the Homeric heroes hail each other with the bidding, Rejoice. W. C. L.

Scranton, Pa., May 17.

THE TWO WILLIAM SHIRLEYS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: William Shirley, born in England in 1694, reached this country in 1731, became Governor of Massachusetts in 1741, and died at Boston, April 24, 1771. His public career in America is too well known to need comment. Contemporary with Gov. Shirley was another William Shirley, who wrote several pamphlets and plays, among the latter "Edward the Black Prince," "Electra," and "The Birth of Hercules" (in the British Museum Catalogue amusingly misprinted "The Bath of Hercules"). He died about 1780.

Although these two William Shirleys are, as might be expected, carefully differentiated in the British Museum Catalogue, and although there is a notice of each in the "Dictionary of National Biography," yet by American bibliographers, biographers, and historians they have been confused, and the above mentioned plays of the dramatist have been attributed to the Governor. Thus, in the printed "Index to the Catalogue of Books in the Bates Hall" (1866) of the Boston Public Library, and in the printed "Catalogue of the Boston Athenæum," Gov. Shirley is made the author of "Edward the Black Prince." Again, in the second edition (1832) of his "American Biographical and Historical Dictionary," William Allen appended to his notice of Gov. Shirley the following sentence, not found in the first edition (1809) of that work: "He published 'Electra,' a tragedy, and 'Birth of Hercules," a masque, 1765." This statement has been repeated by E. B. O'Callaghan in "New York Colonial Documents" (1855), VI, 959, note; in Allibone's "Critical Dictionary of English Literature" (1870); in Drake's "Dictionary of American Biography" (1872); by R. A. Brock in "Dinwiddie Papers" (1883), I, 70, note; in "Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography" (1888); and in Oscar Fay Adams's "Dictionary of American authors" (1897). There is nothing in Allen's work to indicate how he came to be misled in this matter, but perhaps it was through Dr. Robert Watt's "Bibliotheca Britannica," published in 1824, where (II, 853*r*) two pamphlets by or relating to Gov. Shirley, and one pamphlet and two plays by the dramatist, are all entered under the single name of "William Shirley."

Finally, attention may be called to a statement in E. P. Shirley's "Stemmata Shirleiana" (1873), where we read of Gov. Shirley that "He was a good classical scholar, and is said to have written several papers in the *Spectator*" (p. 319). Steele's *Spectator* ran from March 1, 1711, to December 6, 1712, while Addison's continuation ran from June 18 to December 20, 1714. The exact date of Gov. Shirley's birth—December 2, 1694—was first pointed out by

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Charles K. Bolton of the Boston Athenæum in the "Publications of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts" (VIII, 243). Is it probable that any papers in the *Spectator* were written by a youth between seventeen and twenty years of age?

ALBERT MATTHEWS.

Boston, May 17.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The *Nation* in this issue (May 20) prints a communication from Spokane on "The State of the Democratic Party," which, as an independent Democrat, I have read, marked, learned, and endeavored to digest.

I quite agree with your correspondent that the "Bourbon South" has for years been the bane of the Democratic party, and more than any other element has tended to reduce the electoral vote of the same. Nor can I, as one not "endorsing the Rooseveltian output of economic error and ignorance," deny what he says concerning "the abject subserviency to any crooked interest that will contribute to its campaign fund" of the Republican organization. "The visionary nonsense of Debs and his disciples" never appealed to me, and your correspondent is a Daniel when he says that deprived of those who, by "Southern renegade protectionists" and in general by the "aristocratic, labor-despising, and privilege-seeking South," are compelled to vote with it, the Socialist party "would be reduced to a handful of half-cracked extremists, whose ravings would disturb nobody." And though "it is a foolish waste of time," I enjoy seeing depicted in true colors that "blatant, cynical, and corrupt aggregation of political mercenaries" which is willing to "trade off the national ticket for a New York Governorship."

For the ills of "sectionalism, lack of any definite or coherent policy, endorsement of wild-eyed economic vagaries, like Mr. Bryan's," there seems to be one remedy. Let your correspondent summon all "broad, national, sane, radical, and progressive" Democrats to convene at some central place—such as Spokane—and there nominate some regular Democrat who has voted for Bryan and for Parker, and who, having been a worker in the ranks, will not fail to speak out in the assembly. Let him not wait for the existing organizations of corruption and of folly to convene; but let him do so next year, in the early spring, on the kalends of April.

Should he do this, as said the Achaian warrior, "τίν' οὐ πείσεσθαι δίω."

EDWIN B. KING.

Ridgefield, Conn., May 20.

SOCIOLOGY—A REJOINDER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of last week, Prof. Ellwood made an impressive statement of the high hopes and great expectations of sociology, but all this is nothing to the point. Time was when astrology inspired like interest on similar grounds. In Evelyn's "Diary" political commotions then taking place were ascribed to the influence of the comet of 1618. Astrology sought to forecast the range and extent of that kind of influence. Very likely, if some one, in its day, should have ventured to say that it was a humbug, its adherents would have replied by expatiating upon the importance of its aims, and thus it might have been said of astrology, as Professor Ellwood says of sociology now, "He who opposes astrology as such is unconsciously an enemy of mankind."

The point at issue is not whether sociology means well, but whether it is true. The line of defence which Professor Ellwood adopts illustrates what I noted as a characteristic of the sociologists, the way they have of imputing to their projects the merit of their motives. The point I tried to drive home is that people ought to be on their guard when anything is urged in the name of sociology, for as matters stand there is no such science. Whether there ever will be a science of sociology is a debatable proposition, and it is on this that issue is joined. With this statement the case may rest in the columns of the *Nation*. Those who may be interested in the technical details into which further discussion must enter may consult the *Journal of Sociology* published by the University of Chicago. I am advised by its editor that the subject will be treated in its columns, with allowance of space for the argument on both sides.

HENRY JONES FORD.

Princeton, N. J., May 24.

READINGS IN TENNYSON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Besides the British Museum "trial copy" of Tennyson's "Enid and Nimuë: The True and the False," referred to by Mr. Rolfe in his interesting letter printed in the *Nation* of May 5, two more are known. One of these is at South Kensington Museum, bound in with "The True and the False. Four Idylls of the King," and the other is in my possession. I have also a trial copy of "The True and the False," which is earlier than that of the South Kensington. In it appears still another variant of the passage, of which Mr. Rolfe quotes four readings. It reads thus:

She hated all the knights, and heard in thought
Their scornful laughter when her name was named.
For once, when Arthur, walking all alone
Vext at a rumor rife about the Queen,
Had met her, etc.

The three known copies of "Enid and Nimuë: The True and the False" (1857) and the two of "The True and the False. Four Idylls of the King" (1859) are described by Mr. Thomas J. Wise in "Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century" (1896) and in his exhaustive "A Bibliography of Tennyson" (1908).

The poem "Kate," which first appeared in "Poems," 1833, is reprinted in "Complete Works," 1895, p. 24, and again in "Complete Works," 1900, p. 24.

Mr. Rolfe will find in the "Memoir," volume II, p. 383, the following lines inscribed by Tennyson in a copy of his works to be presented by the Royal Guild of Nurses of England to Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein on her marriage:

Take, Lady, what your loyal nurses give,
Their full God-bless-you with this book of song,
And may the life, which heart in heart, you live
With him you love, be cloudless and be long!

W. H. ARNOLD.

Nutley, N. J., May 14.

WHO CARDELIUS WAS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "B." asked in the *Nation* of April 1, "Who was Cardelius?" He was answered by Robert Restieaux on May 6, and again by Harmon Karl on May 13. These answers tell us nothing that is true about Cardelius. All the truth about him is told in this letter of mine. Restieaux and Karl are evidently scholars; just as evidently they are poets. We could not pardon them for being so eager to tell us what they wrongly thought they had gathered from their books, if they had not told it so well. Once more poetry is justified of her children. The Cardelius of M. Restieaux, learned in Latin, book-worms, and garlic, and the Cardelius of Herr Karl, beloved of Keinmensch and devoted to sorrel—these are better worth having on our list of authors, are better subjects for scholarly controversy, and are quite more lovable characters than the Cardelius from whom and by whom came the now famous quotation, "And this our noble art of Printing, etc."

Cardelius is a child of the imagination; rather, he was born of the union of a printer's composing-stick and a font of 60-point Cheltenham.

In our library we have an old Washington hand press and a couple of fonts of large type. With these, manipulated by a small boy, we print signs for our shelves, notes and suggestions to readers and borrowers, and posters descriptive of the many meetings and exhibitions held in the library. I have always been slightly typographic, from the days when our village printer's shop was just across the street from home, down through the times when I was all things to the Ashby *Avalanche*, a splendid hand-wrought Western country weekly which I am afraid you never saw, and on to twenty years of dealing with books in a library.

Being fond of types and of the smell of printer's ink I naturally spend parts of my holidays and of long New Jersey winter evenings in playing with our library press. Several months ago I composed a brief thought, a one-line hymn, to the printer's art I so much admire, and set it and printed it on our press. It was long enough for a thought; but it did not compose well in 60-point type. I did not care to say more, but for purposes of typographic display I wished more to be said. And so, with my stick in my hand, I stood before the case and added words to words. If you know the ways of types, you know that they will not yield a fraction of an inch to carry, within the limits of the measure your composing-stick gives you, the words you have chosen for the thought you wish to express. For the length of line I had selected I found at last a heading, "This our noble art," which when set in capitals fitted it exactly. From this I went on, adding a word here, dropping one there, changing this phrase and that, shifting capitals and small letters, escaping hyphens and other pitfalls, until I had produced from my original humble sentence the Delphic utterance which "B." quoted in his letter. As it came slowly into good typographic form, I found it by chance had taken on a slightly archaic flavor. I nursed this a little. When it was nearly done, I said to myself, "This needs a half line of 30-point at the bottom for a balance, and needs also an author fit to have said this

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thing and well able to have said it in this way. Let him be unknown; let him be early; if I say he wrote in Latin I shall have just the length of line in 30-point that I need. What is a good name for a Latin author of early printing days?"—and then came Cardelius. I never heard of him before. I cannot find him in the books. If it was wrong to invent him, the sin must be laid on the Devil, which has always been in types.

Since "B.'s" note appeared, the *Inland Printer* for May has come to us with this one and only sentence of the hitherto unknown Cardelius skilfully written out by hand and elaborately decorated for its frontispiece. This is natural and proper. If the craftsman saw a sentence from Cardelius, of the sixteenth century, quoted somewhere, it was his right to quote it again. I hope the *Inland Printer's* editor will not think less well either of the style or substance of the quotation when he learns that it came from an amateur in his own art and not from a wise man of the sixteenth century. Indeed, if the thought and the words are good, where could they appear more appropriately than in the pages of a journal which preaches so excellently as does the *Inland Printer* the gospel of good printing?

J. C. DANA.

Newark, N. J., Free Public Library, May 21.

HEINE AND THE NEGRO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of recent discussions of our negro problem it may be interesting to quote a few words from Heine, of whom it has been said: "Throughout his life he stood in the front ranks of those who fought for liberty. . . . This sentiment for liberty runs through all his prose writings like a red thread and is simply incontestable." It was in 1830, if I am not mistaken, that Heine, alluding to conditions in the New World, expressed the following sentiment:

> Actual slavery, which has [now] been abolished in most of the North American provinces, does not arouse in me as much indignation as does the brutal treatment to which the free negroes and mulattoes are there subjected. Whoever is even a most remote descendant of a negro . . . must suffer the greatest humiliations—humiliations which to us in Europe seem simply monstrous.

Even to-day, as I know from personal contact with Europeans, one may sometimes hear them confess their inability to comprehend the strong anti-negro sentiment which still largely obtains in certain sections of our country.

C. H. IBERSHOFF.

Cornell University, May 12.

A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An American correspondent has kindly informed me that my name appears in large type under the head of "Officers, Advisory Board, Faculty and Special Lecturers" in the catalogue of what calls itself "La Salle Extension University, Department of Business Administration." Will you kindly allow me to state that I have not the slightest connection with this enterprise, the existence of which was quite unknown to me, and that I have given no authorization to anybody to use my name in any such connection.

W. T. ASHLEY.

University of Birmingham, England, May 14.

THE PLEONASTIC SO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Even carefully edited publications constantly offend good usage by printing a pleonastic *so* in sentences like the following: "The face has patience, a quality so little looked for from Hals." Let me ask your aid in protesting against this offence of good usage.

A. H.

Rome, May 2, 1909.

Notes.

Putnams announce for immediate publication the important volume on "Darwin and Modern Science," edited by Prof. A. C. Seward for the Cambridge University Press. This book, commemorative of Darwin's centenary, contains twenty-nine essays by various eminent philosophers and men of science.

James Douglas, who has already published a monograph on Theodore Watts-Dunton, has for two years been working at a similar study of Swinburne, which will be brought out by Methuen & Co. It will be critical rather than biographical. The official biography of the poet is to be written by Mr. Watts-Dunton, to whom all of Swinburne's letters and manuscripts have been bequeathed.

Miss E. S. Haldane and Mr. G. R. T. Ross have made a complete translation of the philosophical works of Descartes, which will be issued, probably in the autumn, by the Cambridge University Press. Miss Haldane, a sister of the Minister of War, has already published "The Life and Times of Descartes," and a translation of Hegel's "History of Philosophy." Mr. Ross is a member of the faculty of Hartley University College, Southampton.

Kipling's "Just So Stories" has been issued in the excellent limp-leather edition of Doubleday, Page & Co. The type and paper, as in the earlier volumes of this set, are notably good, and the book is in every respect pleasant to handle and read. The form has most of the advantages and none of the disadvantages of the so-called thin-paper editions.

A new edition of "Practical Golf," by Walter J. Travis (Harpers), has its main recasting, from the issue of eight years ago, in the chapter on balls. That on hazards might have been overhauled to advantage, in view of recent developments. The 1909 golf rules are given in an appendix.

A unique publication of considerable historical value and scientific interest is "The Bell Telephone" (American Bell Telephone Company, Boston). It is the deposition of Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor, made in 1892, in the suit brought by the United States to annul the Bell patents, together with a full report of his cross-examination. The suit, we may add, was practically abandoned by the government, the Bell patents having been sustained by the United States Supreme Court. The value of the book lies in the fact that it is a detailed and well-arranged statement of the inventor's work from the beginning. This was very early in his life, for from childhood, "my attention," he says, "was specially directed to the subject of acoustics, and specially to the subject of speech"; and when only a boy he made a speaking machine which was able to articulate a few words. His first professional work was teaching his father's system of "visible speech," and teaching speech to deaf mutes. A portrait of Professor Bell is given, together with reproductions of many of his drawings and pictures of various instruments.

A double section of the "New English Dictionary," prepared by Dr. W. A. Craigie, carries forward Volume VIII from Ribaldric to Romanite. Within these narrow limits, where Johnson's wide-meshed net caught only 216 words, with 764 quotations, the fine seine of the latest lexicographer brings up 3,161 words and 17,677 quotations. The difference is striking, because barbarian importations and new popular and scientific coinages are comparatively few in this number, whereas the native English element is large. Of course, many of the words familiar to Robin Hood and Robin Goodfellow—whose first appearances in the literary world are here recorded—have been put to unfamiliar uses even since Johnson's time. Yankee ingenuity, for example, grafting the base of a cradle upon the legs of a chair, made the word Rocker, formerly a symbol of rest, carry also the suggestion of American restlessness. And there is something that reminds us of Johnson's definition of oats in the quotations under Rocking-chair—just a faint flavor of national satire. The first is from Mrs. Trollope on "American Manners," 1832: "They . . . sit in a rocking-chair, and sew a great deal"! The second is from Bain, 1855: "The rocking-chair, introduced by the Americans, . . . is another mode of gaining pleasure from movement." In revenge it is some comfort to note that a certain clever device for utilizing the last square inch of linen in a hand towel was not "made in America" by a utilitarian Franklin, but in England, presumably by some mechanical genius now lost in the night of memory. For in the "Early English Wills" there is to be found this tender testament, under the date of 1434: "Y bequethe my roller for a towell to Margery Bokeler."

Before philological doctors presided at the birth and watched over the growth of English speech, strange corruptions, as every one knows, took place in the forms of many words. Two interesting examples of popular etymologizing are included in this section. The first is the word Riding, applied to the divisions of a country, as the east, west, and north ridings of Yorkshire. In the earliest forms the word, of Scandinavian origin, meant clearly a three-ing, or one of three divisions; but after long association the final *t* or *th* of east, west, or north stole the initial consonant of the following word, and, for the popular mind, invested a simple mathematical abstraction with a rich penumbra of equestrian associations. A similar change for the richer was that which converted the Old English Rodion, defined by Lydgate as "a whirle wynde blowing nothing softe," into Rodges—and

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later into Roger's blast, a term still heard in parts of England to-day. Another interesting Roger is he of De Coverley, who gave his name to an old Lancashire tune and dance, and later to Addison's hero. The earliest instance of the word noted is Roger of Coverly, 1685, as the name of a tune. In Heywood's "A Woman Killed with Kindness," 1603 (Act I, scene ii), a play set in the north of England, Rogero appears as the name of a country dance, popular among servants. May not this be Roger of Coverly? At any rate, here is a word that has escaped the fine meshes of the "New English Dictionary." Americans will be glad to know, however, that their contribution to natural history, the ring-tailed roarer of Kentucky, has not been omitted. But was not the ring-tailed roarer of Pike County, Missouri, even more celebrated?

"The Evolution of Modern Germany," by W. H. Dawson (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons), is an Englishman's attempt to show his fellow-countrymen the stupendous change which has taken place in the economic life of Germany in the past fifty years. The author is already well known by excellent books on Lassalle, Bismarck, Socialism, and Protection, some of which have been deemed worthy of translation into German. In this volume, however, he is riding no hobby and propagating no gospel, but giving a sane and mature judgment on the causes of Germany's present position. In these days of British susceptibility at German ascendancy it is refreshing to find such cool objectivity. None of his conclusions are of startling novelty, and most of his data are accessible to the student trained in the use of statistics. But the legislator, the merchant, or the teacher, who is not so trained and for whom figures have no fascination, cannot find a more satisfactory and stimulating explanation of the increasing severity of German competition in industry and commerce. The German manufacturer outrivals his competitor because he pays lower wages and is content with smaller profits. He runs his plant more hours in the week. He studies more carefully the needs of those whom he wishes to make his customers; instead of telling them to take what they are offered or nothing, he makes what they want. He does not expect foreigners to be expert in the German language, but addresses them in their own tongue. The Germans were the first to appreciate and apply technical training to industry; it is estimated to-day that in the chemical factories of Germany there is on an average one university-trained chemist to every forty workpeople, a ratio of science to labor probably not equalled in any other country. The remarkable increase in population, greater than ever before, and amounting now to a million a year, is explained partly by decrease in emigration and in infantile mortality. The Germans have outgrown the idea that a high infant death-rate is a wise provision of Nature to weed out the "unfit"; they think that to regard infants who die from poor artificial feeding or foul air as predoomed by necessity, is as sensible as to condemn as "unfit" the child who is thrown out of the window by a drunken mother, or who is burned in a locked room. Thus, there have arisen, in the interest of the infants and of the nation, dispensaries, hospitals for mothers and infants, a scientific institute for research in "infantile hygiene," and the multifarious crusading activities of the Women's Patriotic Society. In addition to these chapters on his main theme, the author has a good discussion of the outlook for Socialism, the Polish question, and the new colonial era under Dernburg's influence. The chapter on the creation of small agricultural holdings is of special interest in view of England's recent act of Parliament for the same purpose, to the execution of which the county councils are offering such vigorous objections.

Prof. Edward T. Devine's "Misery and Its Causes," the third volume to appear in the Macmillan Company's American Social Progress Series, purposes "to articulate a new social philosophy, pragmatic, economic, and socially adaptable to the existing conditions of American life." Stress should fall, however, upon the articulation, rather than upon the novelty of its facts or programmes. To one familiar with organized charity work, the book may let in little fresh light; but it certainly helps clear the air. In recent years, the zeal of our social architects has obscured their plans. They have been remodelling so many things, investigating so many more, and clamoring for such a multitude of costly improvements, that even their well-wishers are talking about tinkers and dreamers. While searching the roots of misery, Professor Devine allays these fears. Briefly and clearly he marks the current in the welter. The ills that flesh is heir to are few; those that it purchases with ignorance are many. Human nature is not depraved, it simply has not found itself. Character, the strengthening of which is our supreme aim, is to be won in fullest measure, not by removing temptation, but only through education and economic opportunity. These include ten special needs: sound physical heredity, protected childhood, a prolonged working period (say, until well past sixty), freedom from preventable disease, the elimination of professional crime, insurance against all ordinary contingencies of life, elementary schooling adapted to present-day needs, a liberal relief system, a standard of living high enough to secure the elementary necessities, and, finally, religion. Such blessings will not come at the word; there are too many pipers to pay. But come they must, because "they do not represent the indulgence of altruistic sentiment. They are investments. Large expenditures may be required, but they are required as capital. They take the place of larger expenditures and greater burdens." This philosophy, based on statistics, must be judged by figures. Professor Devine's most convincing chapters analyze the disabilities of five thousand families lately assisted by the New York Charity Organization Society; the instances are well selected, and are in themselves persuasive, but they leave open one point of attack. In a few generalities he dismisses the cost of reform; and yet this is precisely the crucial question just now. It is all very well to convince us that misery is preventable, and that money spent to avoid it is money invested; but even the General Reader, whom the book addresses, is business man enough to know that investments must be regulated, first of all, by the number of dollars in purse, and then by the relative urgency of life's many wants. A social philosophy which has not reckoned its budget is an unfinished sentence.

In his latest volume, "The Living Word" (*Moffat, Yard & Co.*), the Rev. Dr. Elwood Worcester confesses to enthusiastic admiration of Gustav Theodor Fechner, the Leipzig psychophysicist. He says:

> It is doubtful if Europe, during the century of its greatest philosophical activity, produced a profounder or more fruitful religious thinker. . . . The greater of Fechner's works can be compared only with the sacred books of the nations. They are inspired, and they contain a true revelation of God.

Dr. Worcester reproduces in popular form the spiritual idealism of Fechner, especially of the "Three Motives of Faith." Aside from the traditional, practical, and rational motives for belief in God, the essay deals chiefly with the grounds for belief in a spiritual interpretation of the universe, and with the basis for faith in immortality.

In his little volume, "Aspects of Christian Mysticism" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), the Rev. W. Major Scott professes to offer the reader nothing more than an introduction to the field. For this purpose brief studies of the teaching of some of the famous Christian mystics are presented, beginning with the writings of St. Paul, St. John, and Clement of Alexandria. Then follow short discussions of Dionysius the Areopagite, Master Eckhart, Ruysbroeck, Suso, Tauler, St. Theresa, St. John of the Cross, Jacob Behmen, and Peter Sterry, the Cambridge Platonist. Their teaching is given as far as possible in their own words. In his treatment of mysticism the author is quite uncritical. He fails to recognize, for example, the abnormal element which almost invariably attends the more pronounced types of mystic experience, the nervous instability and the depression, often intense and protracted, by which the devotee purchases the moments of emotional exaltation.

There has been a great want of good books in English on the history of Jewish religion in the ages immediately preceding the Christian era. Especially have English readers been unfamiliar with the apocalyptic movement and its important consequences for Hebrew piety. The monumental work of Schürer, "History of the Jewish People in the Time of Jesus Christ," translated from an edition going back as far as 1886, has been beyond the reach of the average student. The treatise of Bousset on Judaism in the time of Christ, "Die Religion des Judentums im neutestamentlichen Zeitalter," which perhaps has done more than any other book to open the eyes of many to the importance of a knowledge of late Judaism, is still untranslated. No scholar of any nation has done more thorough work in this field than Prof. R. H. Charles of Dublin, but his works can not be said to be popular. A good book is now available, scholarly but not too technical, in the Rev. William Fairweather's Cunningham Lectures at Edinburgh, on "The Background of the Gospels, or Judaism in the Period Between the Old and New Testaments" (Scribner). Mr. Fairweather has been a careful student of the literature of the subject, his historical judgment is prudent, and he shows good sense in hand-

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ling his facts. One notes constantly the influence of German authors, yet it is clear that the writer has worked through his subject. After an excellent description of "the fundamental characteristics of Judaism," he traces both the fortunes of the nation and the development of Jewish piety through the pre-Maccabean period, the revolt of the Maccabees, the rise of the Jewish parties, the age of Herod, and the period of the dispersion. Especial attention is paid to the apocalyptic movement and literature.

A selection from the works of Julius Grosse, one of the most prolific novelists and dramatists of the past generation, is published in three volumes by Alexander Duncker of Berlin. Dr. Josef Ettlinger of the *Literarische Echo*, Hans von Gumppenberg, Fr. Muncker, and Adolf Bartels are the editors, and the last-named has written the biography.

The Deutsche Verlagshaus Bong & Co., in Stuttgart, has recently published new editions with introductions and annotations of the works of Ludwig Achim von Arnim and Adalbert von Chamisso. The editor of the Arnim edition in two volumes is Dr. Monty Jacobs, dramatic critic of the Berliner *Tageblatt*. The Chamisso in one volume is edited by Dr. Max Sydow.

A book which defies classifying and labelling has come from the pen of Gerh. Ouckama Knoop: "Aus den Papieren des Freiherrn von Skarpl" (Egon Fleischel & Co., Berlin). The author, who is ranked among the cleverest and most serious novelists, now appears in the rôle of a Juvenal of modern Germany. He begins his random paradoxical remarks with an attack on the worship of success and on the general lowering of standards. He asserts that there is no longer any distinction in rising, since eminence is associated with plebeian qualities. He ridicules the aping of the military pose by judges, clergymen, and merchants, whom military service has keyed up to the *Leutnantston*. The mimicry of English customs comes in for a share of censure, for while these are spontaneous with the British, they are studied and factitious with the people of the Continent. The exaggerated luxury of restaurants intended for the accommodation of the multitude is to the Freiherr as much a mark of bad taste as the ocean liner fitted out like a royal palace and filled with a crowd of commonplace tourists. He disapproves of the attempts to force European culture upon nations having a civilization of their own, asking why Mandarins should play golf and negroes use odol? But his point of view becomes most individual when from generalizations he turns to the characterization of some of the figures prominent in modern Germany. It is altogether a remarkable book, though its sarcasm may not afford unalloyed pleasure.

A book full of valuable information to the general reader and to the tourist ambitious of making Alpine ascents is "Der Alpinismus und der Deutsch-Oesterreichische Alpenverein," by Dr. A. Dreyer (Berlin: Marquardt & Co.). It is a volume of nearly two hundred pages containing the history of the conquest of the Alps by hardy climbers from antiquity to the present time. The first to make an Alpine ascent was the poet Petrarch, who, in 1336, succeeded with his brother, in scaling the Mont Ventoux, near Vaucluse. In June, 1492, the steep and rocky Mont Aiguille, near Grenoble, was scaled by a Frenchman, with the aid of ropes and ladders. But to English tourists of modern times is given the credit of having been the most daring and successful climbers. The Alpine Club, founded in 1857, by William Matthews and E. T. Kennedy, and immediately joined by John Ball and other well-known Alpinists, is credited with being the predecessor of the German and Austrian societies, to the work of which the latter part of the book is devoted. In the review of Alpine literature, too, there is a respectable group of books by English writers beginning with the Bishop of Salisbury's account of his travels in Switzerland in 1685 and 1686. The book is profusely illustrated with views of famous peaks and portraits of popular guides and prominent Alpinists.

The Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres has announced its annual awards. The Prix Brunet (3,000 fr.) has been divided among Philippe Renouard for his bibliography of books printed by Josse Badius, M. Briquet for his "Dictionnaire historique" of watermarks on paper, L. Nardin for his monograph on Jacques Foillet, and H. Stein for his "Bibliographie générale des cartulaires français." The Prix Stanislas-Tulien (1,500 fr.), for the best book on China, is given to A. Stein for his "Ancien Khotan."

Miss L. M. Little, well known in Irish literary society, has died at Dublin. She wrote frequently for the magazines and published two books of verse, "Persephone" and "Wild Myrtle."

Robert Nisbet Bain, assistant librarian of the British Museum since 1883, has died at the age of fifty-four. He was a specialist in Scandinavian and Slavonic studies. Among his published works are: "Gustavus III and his Contemporaries," "Hans Christian Andersen: a Biography," "Charles XII and the Collapse of the Swedish Empire," "The Pupils of Peter the Great, 1697-1740," "The Daughter of Peter the Great: a History of Russian Diplomacy under the Empress Elizabeth Petrovna, 1741-62," "Peter III, Emperor of Russia, 1762," "Tales from Gorky, with Biography," "Tales from Jókai, with full Biography," "Scandinavia: the Political History of Denmark, Norway and Sweden, 1513-1900," "The First Romanovs, 1613 to 1725: a History of Muscovite Civilization, and the Rise of the Modern Russian State," and "Slavonic Europe: the Political History of Poland and Russia from 1469 to 1707."

STUDIES IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

Lollardy and the Reformation in England. By James Gairdner. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. $6.50 net.

In the final chapter of his admirable study of England in the age of Wycliffe (1897), G. M. Trevelyan called attention to the hitherto unsolved problem of the relation between the religious movement in Wycliffe's time and the formal accomplishment of the English Reformation under Henry VIII. Since then Abbot Gasquet in his "Eve of the Reformation" (1900) has made his contribution to the same question from the side of the Roman Church. He took naturally the position that Lollardy had been repudiated by the sound sense of the English people and that the breach with Rome was caused, not by any widespread, latent discontent with the papal system, but by a new wave of religious influence, chiefly Lutheran, combined with the immediate ambitions of a lustful and bloody tyrant.

Mr. Gairdner, a veteran in sixteenth century studies, approaches the same subject from a somewhat different point of view, but with results not essentially different. He calls his book an historical survey, and his aim is to present in chronological sequence the various stages of the Reformation process from Wycliffe to the death of Henry VIII. He does not profess to offer new material, but only to take that which all other writers have used and marshal it in such array that it shall tell its story as he thinks it ought to be told. So far as he betrays an attitude toward his subject, it is that of unlimited devotion to the principle of authority as against individual liberty. His particular antipathy seems to be directed against the use of the Bible as a source of religious certainty to the individual soul. Even his style, generally dignified and objective, becomes contemptuous and ironical whenever he approaches this side of his subject. Illustrations might be taken at random—"with the English Bible, or with the clear elocutionists who read it aloud in St. Paul's and other churches, to the disturbance generally of the peaceful, religious atmosphere of a place that was meant for devotion." It is apparently an offence to our author that the Bible should be read so that it can be understood, and such reading appears to him a disturbance of devotion! One can forgive this emasculation of all sense from religious service by so many English clergymen, but to find it formulated as a principle by an historical scholar of high repute would be a shock, if one were not accustomed to the atmosphere of Anglican controversy. Mr. Gairdner takes especial satisfaction in using the phrase "New Learning" for something which seems to him equivalent to the literal interpretation of Scripture—as if the attempt to understand the Bible and put it into English intelligible to the people were in itself a form of heresy. Even the printing-press as a means of rapidly disseminating false opinions comes in for a mild insinuation of disapproval. We are asked to believe that the English people did not want the Bible in their hands, and yet we are told at length of the difficulties the bishops had in keeping Tyndale's translation out of England and of the measures necessary to prevent disturbances in churches from the multitudes who flocked to hear the Bible read

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by men who could do it well. Cromwell's order to place a Bible in every parish church is explained solely by motives of policy and greed.

In his final summing up, the author admits that good comes out of evil, and that Royal supremacy in England is better than Papal supremacy, but he has no word of sympathy for all those processes of individual inquiry and study by which men from Wycliffe on were coming nearer and nearer to the goal of a true enlightenment in religious matters. For the individual victims of tyranny, he has feeling only as a fortunate human being for unfortunate ones He regards their fate as the natural consequence of their own folly in having opinions of their own and daring to defend them, as against that order and authority which is to him apparently the supreme good. His real sympathies are reserved for men like More and Fisher, who stood for an authority which seemed to them higher than that of the despot who destroyed them. For Henry VIII, he has only words of execration as a crafty and unscrupulous wretch, defiant of every force in England that could seem to limit or oppose his own, yet dignified by his defence of order in the midst of threatening anarchy. "The principle of an Established Church, however at variance with theories which pious minds are too easily led to entertain, is one which, when once laid down, can never be set aside" —a remarkable prophecy, when almost every Christian country except England has already set this principle aside. Again:

> The political principle of Establishment cannot possibly be annulled, and if we are to have a practical religion, and not a mere chaos of sectarian philosophies, we must face the fact plainly.

Here is the clue to the whole book. It hardly need be added that the real problem of the spiritual origins of the English Reformation are as far from solution as before. Its solution cannot be even attempted, except by some one who can approach it without any of those partisan antagonisms which vitiate most of the writings of English churchmen about the English Church.

William the Conqueror, and the Rule of the Normans. By Frank Merry Stenton [Heroes of the Nations Series]. Pp. xi+518. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35 net.

No period of English mediæval history has recently been subjected to a more thorough scrutiny by the specialists than that of the Anglo-Norman kings. Since the first appearance of Stubbs's epoch-making work more than thirty years ago, an enormous amount of fresh material has been discovered (principally in Norman archives), and many old verdicts have been revised. Especially is this the case with the institutional side of the field. The details of Norman feudalism, the intricate problems surrounding the origin of the jury, the precise meaning and significance of the famous ordinance separating the temporal and spiritual courts, are far better understood to-day than ever before; and though it would be going too far to intimate that any of these questions have reached final solution, yet so much progress has been recently made as thoroughly to justify the appearance of a single volume on the greatest of the Norman kings which should summarize and present in convenient and popular form the results of the latest research in this interesting reign.

Mr. Stenton's book fills precisely this gap. It is a sane, accurate, and for the most part readable account of the life and work of William the Conqueror, which, while avoiding the pitfall of polemics, yet incorporates the results of the most important recent investigation of French and English scholars, of whom the most prominent is unquestionably J. H. Round. It worthily maintains the high reputation of the series to which it belongs for good printing, ample illustrations, and abundant tables, maps, and an index. It is not brilliantly written, and several rare opportunities to describe the memorable scenes of a most dramatic reign have been palpably neglected. Much more might have been made, for instance, of the grewsome story of Waltheof's execution and unfinished *Pater Noster* without doing violence to historical accuracy; and a little inkling of the rude jests and vigorous oaths that passed between William and Philip and led up to the firing of Mantes and the death of the Conqueror, would have done more to make the picture vivid than any number of stock phrases about William's "great strength" and "characteristic impetuosity." For absorbing narrative and dramatic interest, Sir J. H. Ramsay's Foundations of England" (1898) contains unquestionably the best account of the reign, but for the student who desires a short cut to the latest developments of the thorny constitutional and ecclesiastical problems of the period, Mr. Stenton's book will prove an invaluable guide.

From such a wealth of material it is difficult to select topics for special discussion. The last three chapters, on "The Church," "Administration," and "Domesday," form the most useful part of the work. Particularly valuable is the clear and discriminating account of the oath on Salisbury Plain in 1086. Mr. Stenton plainly shows that far too much emphasis has been laid on this event as a landmark in the development of English feudalism:

> Significant as is this clear enunciation of the principle that the King's claim to fealty overrides the lord's claim to service, it should not be taken to imply any revolutionary change in the current doctrines of feudal law. It is highly probable that this general oath was demanded with the single purpose of providing against the defection of disloyal knights to Cnut of Denmark in the imminent event of his landing. . . . But apart from this any feudal monarch could have maintained in theory that the facts of subinfeudation should not invalidate his sovereign rights; the question was merely as to the possibility of enforcing the latter. The exceptional power enjoyed by William and his successors in this respect was due to the intimate relations established between the King and his feudatories by the circumstances of the conquest; the oath of Salisbury was a striking incident and little more.

The final chapter on Domesday, though possibly a little too technical, is also sane and thorough, and its value is much enhanced by a number of well-selected quotations from contemporary or nearly contemporary chronicles and sources. The last of these, from the "Dialogus de Scaccario" in Henry II, gives the following significant explanation of the name by which the great survey has always been popularly known:

> This book is called by the natives "Domesdei," that is, by a metaphor, the day of judgment, for as the sentence of that strict and terrible last scrutiny may by no craft be evaded, so when a dispute arises concerning those matters which are written in this book, it is consulted, and its sentence may not be impugned nor refused with safety.

CURRENT FICTION.

Thais. By Anatole France; translated by Robert B. Douglas. New York: John Lane Co.

Mr. Douglas's excellent translation introduces to English readers with comparatively slight impairment of the virtues of the original work, a romance written in a field over which Anatole France has unique command. No other writer has realized so completely—so *deliciously*, as a follower of Renan might say—certain literary possibilities in ecclesiastical history and the legends of saints and martyrs. With one or two exceptions, romances in English concerned with the lives of the early Christians are to any but juvenile readers extremely insipid. Most of them are also one-sided; it must be confessed that an ulterior religious purpose does not seem entirely favorable to the art of fiction. Cardinal Newman, for example, wrote his pallid and long-forgotten romances in a religious ascetic's horror of paganism and with an eye to furthering the cause of Rome. Kingsley, of course with a vastly more virile art, wrote with a keen detestation of asceticism and a special pleasure in barking at Newman. But Anatole France, perhaps knowing in his own way as much about saints

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as Newman, and certainly as much about sinners as Kingsley, aspires to write as a "philosophic angel" hovering a little above the earth, participator in nothing, spectator of everything. The belief of Jew absorbs him no more or less than the unbelief of Gentile; both he values for what they offer to the spirit that is strange or beautiful or intense.

The career of Thais, a fair Alexandrian courtesan of the fourth century, offered unusual attractions to the feasting eye of the philosophic angel. (For the history of the Thais story see G. D. Kellogg's letter to the *Nation*, February 25.) It is difficult to say whether he enters with more penetrating and illuminating interest into the life of the Alexandrian beauty and her favorites set in the dazzling luxury of the wicked city, or into the gaunt soul of the stylite Paphnutius ringed by the tombs and the desert. From both he preserves a complete emotional detachment. But in the dénouement the mask slips a little from the observant angel, and reveals something of the lurking cynic. For it is there made perfectly clear that Thais turned to heaven merely from satiety of the flesh, and Paphnutius to hell merely from satiety of the spirit—a conclusion sufficiently devoid of edification. Yet for piquancy of attack, for insight into the psychology of the anchorite, and for sheer brilliancy of narrative art, there is nothing like this in English.

The Lady of the Dynamos. By Adele Marie Shaw and Carmelita Beckwith. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

A captivating maiden opportunely dwelling in the jungle, a gallant young imported engineer, native customs as a foil for Anglo-Saxon habits—these are almost as staple a product in fiction-stuff to-day as ever were the governess and the earl or the fine lady and the irresistible tyrant. Novels move to and fro like the stock market. There is an ebb in industrials, be it thankfully said, and a decided drop in uncrowned royalties and throne-makers. Meantime, love among the lianas and engineering supervised by monkeys are in the ascendant. Before their luxuriance shall grow noisome—*experientia docet*—it is easy to enjoy the picturesqueness of tropical scenery invaded by the white man bearing thither his burden of electricity and telephone.

Landon West was sent by an American capitalist to Ceylon to make a pergolated fairyland, as realization, for the old money-maker, of early dreams prompted by impossible pictures in his geography. Happily for the purposes of a plot, the assistant whom West took with him proved to be a jealous trickster. Happily, too, the fortune-hunting woman who refused West before he sailed from New York felt that she had strong enough lien on him to follow him later to the jungle. Here, meantime, the true and only English girl had been not only helping Landon by her intimate knowledge of the lay of the land and of native superstitions, but had been doing deadly work with his healed affections. The situation speaks out loud and clear for itself.

There are other characters to carry on the drama, many of them drawn with marked cleverness. There are friends and opponents, natives outraged by careless treatment, rival land interests, dishonest plotters. Add to these birds and butterflies and an interesting list of more than biped actors—friendly elephants, furry wanderoos, tame ant-eaters—loved of the girl and, like the brown people, interpreted by her sympathetic understanding. West is a hero after the heart of young womankind—strong, resourceful, chivalrous. The whole matter is spun and woven with quite a masterly touch; with an evident knowledge of landscape and folk wild and tame; and with a swift, epigrammatic manner that swings the story along at a truly modern pace. It takes high rank among stories of its genus; its species is made quite its own by many traits of cleverness and wit, and of genuine feeling for beauty of the worlds without and within.

The Royal End. By Henry Harland. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The title of this book is strangely significant as we realize that the dark Ferrash struck the tent of the Sultan of this pleasant little fancy-land of beautiful women and epigrammatic men before the story was done. Those who have enjoyed Mr. Harland's unstrenuous reclinings beside calm waters of allusive conversation will feel in no mood for criticism of his last work. Slight it may be, like his others; but one cannot help nowadays feeling a tenderness for the author who contents himself with telling a tale not too importunate, in the wholesome air and sunshine: it seems one must needs be shallow at times, if only to take breath to grapple once more with the unsavory problems of the underworld. The hero of this story is an Englishman, "the paragon of wit and chivalry," as gently whimsical as Adrian of "The Lady Paramount," and more comely to look upon; in short, a being well worthy of the patient devotion secretly cherished for him by the American heiress through 336 pages, and revealed only when it becomes necessary to end the story. She is wooed by a crown prince who offers her morganatic marriage, which she rejects with scorn; and when he at last offers her the crown itself, she prefers to find for her sentimental journey the Royal End of love on the honest if undemonstrative heart of Pontycroft. The descriptions of Italian scenery are of Mr. Harland's usual graphic graciousness; and one can but feel that in this last book his own peculiar vein of delicate irresponsible charm has fitly passed in music out of sight.

Fame's Pathway. By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. New York: Duffield & Co.

This is apparently an attempt to "novelize" the first part of Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's Life of Molière. No doubt numbers of people will take it up who could not have been induced to open the biography, and if the object were to get information into them somehow as to certain events in Molière's early life, it would probably be attained. But the author's chief aim was obviously to present Molière in the flesh, and it must be recorded that he has merely succeeded in exhibiting a rather awkwardly stuffed effigy of him. The period chosen—that between his first impulse toward the stage and his discovery that his true vocation lay in the direction of comedy—is rich enough in material; but the biographer has been able to do very little for the novelist. Everything, of course, connects itself in one way or another with the beautiful Madeleine Béjart: it is she who first attracts Molière to the life of an actor, she who aids him in the luckless enterprise of the Théâtre Illustre, and she who urges and accompanies him toward his true calling and success. Unfortunately, she is represented by the story-teller as an assembly of virtues and accomplishments rather than a human being. But one could hardly hope to perform a feat of interpretation by means of so artificial a medium as Mr. Chatfield-Taylor here chooses to employ. He writes in the high-flown patchwork style which has become the recognized utensil of the historical romancer: "Angrily she turned on her lord: 'Thanks to thy footless intrigues, I was imprisoned with thee at Vincennes as thy accomplice. This present affair is mine own. I need no accomplices, and I promise a more profitable outcome' "—all upon the high-horse, and only a rocking-horse after all.

The Mystical Element in Religion as Studied in Saint Catherine of Genoa and Her Friends. By Baron Friedrich von Hügel. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $6 net.

These large, closely-printed volumes constitute a fresh store-house of fact and theory, of literary statement and critical discussion in the field of religious mysticism. To most readers, the portion of the work of chief interest will doubtless be the detailed biographical study of St. Catherine and her friends. Foremost among these friends were Ettore Vernazza and his daughter Battista, both of whom share sympa-

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thetically Catherine's religious views. The period to which she belongs, the post-mediæval but pre-Protestant days, when the renaissance had already long been quickening the life of the Italian cities, has strongly attracted the author. As a loyal, but liberal son of the Roman Church, he has turned to it for some of the fairest examples of a genuinely spiritual Catholicism.

Such a biography is a contribution to religious psychology. Its value for this purpose is enhanced by an account, as full as the historical sources make possible, of the accompanying psychophysical conditions. The type of mysticism developed by Catherine follows in its main features the familiar teaching of Dionysius the Areopagite. This writer, purporting to be the convert of St. Paul, but in reality writing about the beginning of the sixth century, and hence commonly known as the pseudo-Dionysius, gave to the world a Christianized version of Neo-Platonism. This work, translated by Erigena in the ninth century, was the channel through which Alexandrian mysticism discharged itself into the life of the Church. Fundamental to this Christian mysticism was the view that God transcends the human reason so that he cannot be adequately known by processes of thought. It insisted, however, that a true illumination might be received directly by each soul in its inner experience. The result of these positions was that a somewhat lessened emphasis was placed by its followers upon religious dogma and ecclesiastical agency. Popular thought tends to associate with mysticism certain quasi-miraculous or spiritistic phenomena. Unfortunately, too, Professor Münsterberg has given countenance to this use of the term in his "Psychology and Life." In these vulgar aspects of mysticism Baron von Hügel displays no interest. He values mysticism only as he deems it an essential element in a healthful and sustained religious experience. It is significant also that he denies to mysticism any distinct faculty for the apprehension of reality.

Catherine, it is clear, possessed a vigorous intellect as well as a devout spirit. Her statements of religious thought rise quite above the level of conventional phraseology. Her sense of finitude and limitation, her feeling, shared by all the great mystics, that the soul is alien to the earthly life, finds expression in the saying, "I can no longer manage to live on in this life, because I feel as though I were in it like a cork under water." This is a picturesque change from the metaphor of the "fish out of water," a figure of speech appearing in the Upanishads, in the utterances of the ecstatic nun St. Theresa, and in those of Kierkegaard, the Danish reflective mystic of the nineteenth century.

The soundness of the author's view must depend ultimately upon the worth of the mystic experience and habit of mind. The *crux* of the matter is a question of values. What worthy end was served by Catherine's intense preoccupation with the imagined realities of heaven, hell, and purgatory? Was not the pathological and *maladif* element in her experience directly fostered by her other worldly interests? And was there not possible for her a more normal and at the same time a more fruitful spiritual experience? It is, of course, idle to quarrel with historical conditions or to demand that Catherine should wholly transcend her age. She could walk only by the light she had. No spiritual guide was at hand to point out other paths. But it seems possible that a soul of like intense and sensitive organization should be trained to an even larger usefulness without carrying the burden of other worlds than this. For there is an ideal of a genuinely spiritual life realized in each fleeting moment of time. Such a life would transmute all our human powers into earthly forms of truth, beauty, and love. It might even attain the highest spirituality without "taking thought of the morrow" that shall follow our earthly existence. Surely no fact or experience is made spiritual by projecting it into the future. Whether it is spiritual or not must depend upon its own intrinsic nature, not upon accidents of space or time.

Doubtless the author of these volumes has stated an important principle in insisting upon the value of a degree of detachment from the concrete business of daily life. For some natures, such detachment is an imperative need, both mental and physical. Few are strong enough always to abide in the dust and heat. Most need at times to exchange activity for repose, struggle for contemplation.

But it is an easy passage for religious natures from detachment from the particular to a sense of the presence of the universal with its all-enfolding power. When this power is interpreted in specifically religious terms and colored by strong emotion, the moments of detachment readily become the occasion of the mystic experience, more or less intense. The form of the experience may vary from the more active ecstacy of the Occidental type to the "immortal calm" of the Oriental. Such states are intensified by repetition; the objectified meanings, long accepted, become to the subject the surest, the clearest, and most significant of all personal convictions. There is thus a natural history of mystic states which may well give us pause when we are tempted to assign to them objective validity.

But however one may differ from the author, or however firmly one may be convinced of the subjective and illusory character of his theological presuppositions, it would be nothing less than provincialism to fail to recognize certain high qualities displayed in the work. It maintains throughout a spirit that is serious, candid, and hospitable to science, a spirit happily far removed from the orthodox jingoism of Mr. Chesterton.

The Oxyrhynchus Papyri. Part VI. Edited by Bernard P. Grenfell and Arthur S. Hunt. London: The Egypt Exploration Fund.

The product of the excavations for papyri conducted at Oxyrhynchus by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt for the Græco-Roman Branch of the Egypt Exploration Fund continues to furnish material for publication, though the excavations have been brought to a close. Volume VI lies before us, and Volume VII is promised within a few months. The latter will contain a detailed account of the site and of the excavations conducted upon it, with a review of the topographical knowledge derived from the papyri there discovered.

The two most important of the literary papyri published in Volume VI are from the remains of the large find of such materials made January 13, 1906. The non-literary documents are chiefly from the campaign of 1897. Preëminent among the new classical texts are the fragments of the "Hypsipyle" of Euripides. These "constitute the most important addition to the remains of Greek tragedy hitherto made by Egyptian papyri." The identification is indubitable—style, contents, and coincidence of text with citations by ancient authorities all agreeing to put the question beyond doubt. As is the case with so many papyri from the rubbish heaps, the fragments, more than two hundred in number, are almost all of small size. One only, presenting an early part of the play, is complete enough to furnish good reading for those who have no taste for this form of dissected puzzles. But even they might well be interested to see the ingenuity with which the scattered fragments have been pieced together so as to yield up in great measure their secret of the Euripidean plot. The story of Hypsipyle is told by several ancient authorities, but the tale according to Euripides appears to introduce some new variants, especially in connecting two sons of the heroine by Jason with their mother's adventures in Nemea. An interesting side-point for the student of "sources" in Latin literature is the indication that Statius, who in his "Thebais" has been generally supposed to have followed this lost play of Euripides for his account of Hypsipyle at Nemea, must have followed instead some other authority.

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The writing of these fragments is not of very early date, belonging to the end of the second century after Christ, or the beginning of the third. The next longest of the literary documents is of about the same date as the Hypsipyle papyrus, but is of little interest to general readers. It contains considerable portions of a somewhat controversial commentary on the second book of Thucydides by an unknown author who wrote in the early years of the Christian era.

Among the few fragments of extant classical authors a page of Sallust's "Catiline," of the fifth century, deserves mention rather because of the rarity of Latin classics among the Egyptian papyri, than because it furnishes new readings, though it does tend to substantiate one that has been hitherto but weakly supported.

The non-classical documents comprise the usual miscellany of official and personal writing, among which the special student of Egyptian administration will turn to the former class, while the less strenuous reader will find some human interest in the latter. None of the private letters are of as picturesque a character as some of those in previous volumes, but their commonplace mixing of business and personalities gives them a certain realistic attraction. Among the official documents students of Roman antiquities will need to note a Latin declaration of birth (No. 894) made before the Prefect of Egypt at Alexandria, 194-196 A. D. This does not agree with the regulation of Marcus Aurelius, that records of births of Roman citizens in the provinces must be returned at the offices of the *tabularii publici*. Professor Mitteis suggests that by *tabularii publici*, "the præfectorial bureau is meant." But it might be more reasonable to suppose, without raising other objections to that interpretation, that, as Egypt was a personal domain of the Emperor, the regulation mentioned concerning the regular provinces did not apply there. The fragment is palæographically interesting on account of the scarcity of dated specimens of Roman cursive writing.

The volume is concluded with the customary full and varied indexes, followed by six excellent plates of facsimiles.

Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier: A Record of Sixteen Years' Close Intercourse with the Natives of the Indian Marches. By T. L. Pennell, M.D.; with an introduction by Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, and 37 illustrations and 2 maps. Pp. xvi+324. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50 net.

This is the record of a singularly interesting and humanizing work among a remarkable people. They live in the narrow strip of mountainous borderland which separates India from Afghanistan, but are subject neither to the viceroy nor the amir. The only control exercised over them is the prevention both of the raids which for ages they have made into the Indian valleys at harvest-time, and of their robbery of the caravans in the Himalayan passes. They are being reached, however, by means of hospitals established by the English Church Missionary Society along the frontier, where all patients are treated free of charge. To these institutions come great numbers of the men, women, and children of these wild tribes; and it is the experiences of a doctor who for sixteen years cared for them which are given in this volume. The proceeds of the sales, we may add, will be devoted to the building of another hospital. In this book, as Earl Roberts says in his introduction, Dr. Pennell "throws many new and interesting sidelights on the domestic and social, as well as on the moral and religious, aspects of their lives and characters." These present a strange medley of contradictory qualities, courage blended with stealth, touching fidelity—they make the best soldiers in the native Indian army—with the basest treachery, and high conceptions of honor vindicated by the foulest murders. Dr. Pennell was once the guest of a villager, and his host showed him "holes in his door and in the wooden panels of the windows which the bullets of his neighbors across the street had penetrated, and said: 'It was behind that hole in the door there that my uncle was shot; that hole in the window was made by the bullet which killed my brother.' Pointing to another Afghan who had come into the room and seated himself on the bed, he said: 'That is the man who shot my brother.' On my remarking upon the peace and good-will in which they appeared to be living at the present time, he said: 'Yes, we are good friends now, because the debt is even on both sides. I have killed the same number in his family.'"

Dr. Pennell's work was not wholly medical or confined to the tribesmen, as is shown by his account of an interesting episode in his toilsome life, in which teaching boys was an important part. In 1906 he took the football team of the Mission High School at Bannu on a tour through a great part of northern India. He also made a tour as a Christian mendicant, during which he came into close contact with Eastern ascetics, of whom he gives a most interesting and instructive account. His whole book is, in fact, characterized by the comparatively new idea that missionary work should no longer be destructive, but constructive. He recognizes the good that there is in the belief in the unity of God and the folly of idolatry of the Mussulman, and the vital truths contained in the Hindu philosophies, the source, to use his own words, of "the religious spirit, the ardent faith, the unquestioning devotion, which have been the crown and glory of India for ages." The closing chapters are upon the value of missionary work, especially the medical part—the outpost, as it were—and many encouraging facts are given in the lives of Afghan patients in the hospital or boys in the mission school, which show that the practical Christianity taught by kindly deeds is reaching and gradually transforming not only the frontier tribesman, but also the Central Asian. Numerous illustrations and two maps add to the attractiveness of an enlightening work which we can confidently recommend to all students of the problems which India presents, not to the English only, but to the whole civilized world.

The Political and Economic Organization of Modern Japan. By Gregory Wilenkin; translated from the Russian by E. J. Harrison, editor of the Japan *Advertiser*. Tokio: Kondo Shoten.

The busy man desirous of information, otherwise to be had only by an extended survey of various volumes and unapproachable official documents, on the political and financial organization as well as the actual resources, of the Japanese Empire, will find in this new volume a handy compendium. The English translation is excellent. The early chapters on the origin of the Japanese, the condition of the country before the Restoration, and the abolition of the feudal system, comprise a brief résumé of much that has been already said by other writers; the chapters that immediately follow, dealing with national politics and the promulgation of the Constitution, fairly estimate the forces that have gone to the making of modern Japan. The chapter on the rise and progress of political parties is specially interesting, though one might question the author's judgment in various details.

In treating of the economic organization of Japan the author approaches a subject in which he is apparently more at home than he could be expected to be in exploring the formative motives of Japanese politics. The chapters on the history of currency circulation and the banking system are valuable contributions. A detailed account of the revenues includes an interesting discussion of the various taxes, their incidence, and the amounts derived from them over a period of years. Monopolies, railway nationalization, customs duties, foreign trade, with comparative tables of imports and exports, shipping, agriculture, mining, marine, and general industry, and the national wealth are all duly considered.

As to Japan's military exploits and

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expansion of armaments, M. Wilenkin says:

It is only fair to note that in Japan itself the policy of increased armaments is beginning to encounter powerful opponents; voices are loudly proclaiming that with the conclusion of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and the establishment of friendly *ententes* with France and Russia, no foreign danger threatens Japan, and that she must therefore abstain from any further expansion of armaments, the more so seeing the means therefor are not in sight. During 1908-9 the government can probably carry out the contemplated programme without a large deficit, thanks to the balance from the War Fund and the payment for the maintenance of the Russian prisoners, but after 1909 these sources will no longer exist. . . . Existing taxes are already so high that further raising of them would be an intolerable burden on the people.

The author concludes with the following statement, to which none more readily than the Japanese themselves will subscribe:

If Japan wishes to retain the position which she occupies among foreign Powers, she must direct all her energies to the development of the economic forces of the country, to the expansion of her trade and industry, and, above all, confine herself to a normal budget commensurate with the ordinary revenues of the country.

Science.

Memories of My Life. By Francis Galton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mr. Galton is one of the inner circle of men who, for the past fifty years, have helped to direct the course of scientific investigation in the British Isles. A cousin of Charles Darwin, and connected through marriage with the higher ranks of English *intellectuels*, he has come into intimate contact with all that is best in English officialdom. Besides this, he has made important contributions to many branches of science. He began his career by a remarkable journey into the neighborhood of Walfisch Bay, South Africa, and wrote one of the most interesting accounts of savage life in the English language. He was among the pioneers in the more accurate study of meteorological phenomena; to him the idea and name of "anti-cyclone" is due. There are those who think that his additions to the doctrine of evolution are as likely to stand the test of time as those of his better known and more illustrious cousin. Though not a mathematician himself, he has paved the way for a quantitative and exact treatment of the problems of heredity and has practically been the founder of the branch of study known as biometrics. In psychology, he has initiated many novel lines of investigation and has helped to make anthropometry an established branch of anthropology. He is, perhaps, best known to the public for his suggestion of finger prints as the simplest and most accurate means of personal identification, a method now used in all the rogues' galleries of Europe and America.

A life filled with such variety of interests is well worth chronicling, and to some extent this volume sums up modestly, but clearly, his scientific labors, and some of his entertaining experiences. But the attempt to combine an account of his scientific achievements with the more personal aspects of his career has prevented this book from doing justice to either. In his own books, he is the most lucid of writers, but here he often fails from lack of space to make evident the significance and novelty of his researches. Regarding the many notable persons with whom he has been on terms of friendly intimacy, he has little to say that is illuminating. Natural reticence has, except in a few instances, stayed his hand. Only occasionally we come across an anecdote, like that about Herbert Spencer (p. 258):

Spencer, during a pause in conversation at dinner at the Athenæum, said, "You would little think it, but I once wrote a tragedy."

Huxley answered promptly, "I know the catastrophe."

Spencer declared it was impossible, for he had never spoken about it before then.

Huxley insisted.

Spencer asked what it was.

Huxley replied, "A beautiful theory killed by a nasty, ugly fact."

Yet the book throws much light, though somewhat dry, on a remarkable figure. Like Herbert Spencer in his curious Autobiography, Mr. Galton treats his own character and development as a subject for scientific inquiry, with some significant results. As is natural with such an authority on heredity, he is much concerned in his first chapter to elucidate family traits. His power of enduring fatigue, shown in his travels and otherwise, he traces back to the Barclay blood, the most distinguished representative of which, Capt. Barclay, was renowned among English sportsmen as the first man to walk one thousand miles in a continuous thousand hours. His tendency to asthma comes from the Galtons; and, though he does not draw attention to the fact, his scientific proclivities are obviously derived from his grandfather, Erasmus Darwin, who, many think, was the most original of the Darwin family. From him probably came Mr. Galton's power of contriving ingenious apparatus for investigating obscure phenomena—a power best exemplified in his well-known method of composite portraiture, but also shown in numerous instruments of precision. Many of these are enumerated in the 183 books and memoirs, a bibliography of which is given as an appendix of the volume.

Perhaps the predominant feature of Mr. Galton's mind is exhibited in his persistent attempts to obtain quantitative precision in all the problems he has dealt with; and this tendency can undoubtedly be traced to his training at Cambridge, though during his university years he was nominally studying medicine. His use of the Gaussian law of probability in his investigations into hereditary genius is the most striking example of this tendency. Like Stanley Jevons, he has a mathematical mind without a mathematician's equipment. Thus he has been able to set professed mathematicians to work on lines of great promise and has founded a whole school of biometric inquirers, headed by Prof. Karl Pierson. Of recent years Mr. Galton has made himself most widely known by a practical application of his views on heredity, to which he has given the name eugenics. He believes that the race of men can be almost indefinitely improved by careful selection in mating, so that the laws of hereditary genius shall have the fullest scope. On the other hand, a movement towards restriction of the mating of the unfit has already shown itself in legislation and in public opinion.

A career of such significance deserves an even more adequate account than that given in these pages.

In the well-printed and well-illustrated little volume entitled "The Scientific Aspects of Luther Burbank's Work," by President Jordan and Professor Kellogg of Stanford University (San Francisco: A. M. Robertson), one naturally looks for the most recent facts bearing upon the achievements of Mr. Burbank. It is therefore a surprise to learn from the introductory notice, page xiv that the two communications here given are reprints of magazine articles first published in the *Popular Science Monthly* in January, 1905, and October, 1906. Mr. Burbank's scientific reputation has suffered a good deal at the hands of writers who, in his catalogues and his ways of doing things on a large scale, have found excellent material for sensational "copy," and it is much to be deplored that his good friends, when they have a chance, do not set him right before the public. It is barely possible that neither President Jordan nor Professor Kellogg revised this reprinted matter, else they would not have allowed such a statement as this to see the light under the date of 1909: "Sugar-cane seed is needed." The proof-reader, at least, was not aware of the recent successful experiments in the tropics, from Java to our West Indies, which have placed sugar-cane seed within the easy reach of the progressive planter, and established seedlings with constantly increasing sugar-content in a great number of the enterprising plantations. Both of these authors are capable of giving the public, lay and professional, a fair statement of Luther Burbank's best work, which shall be up with the times, and creditable to all concerned. This little republication leaves much to be desired.

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The principal lesson of the Colorado Canyon, according to Prof. W. M. Davis, in a lecture before the Royal Geographical Society, summarized in the *Geographical Journal* for May, is that it is the work of normal erosion, not a sudden huge fracture; and it may be reasonably described as a young valley. He believes that, if the erosion continues, the plateau will in time be reduced to lowlands by the energetic river. In introducing the speaker the president, Major Leonard Darwin, said that he thought

Professor Davis has done more than any man on either side of the water to raise the standard of the teaching of geography in the direction of making it a more definite science.

This number contains also an article by Professor Oberhummer of Vienna, showing how much geography owed to the artists of the renaissance, especially Leonardo da Vinci and Albrecht Dürer. It is illustrated by nine of their maps, of which the artistic embellishments are remarkable.

Prof. James Major Colson, for the last five years principal of the Dinwiddie Agricultural and Industrial Institute, died May 22, at the age of fifty-five. After graduating at Dartmouth College, he received an appointment in the United States Internal Revenue office in Petersburg, Va. Shortly after this appointment he was elected teacher in the Virginia Normal and Collegiate Institute, now the Virginia Normal and Industrial Institute. There he held the chair of natural science for twenty-one years.

Drama and Music.

"The Last of the De Mullins," the comedy by St. John Hankin, which was produced by the London Stage Society some time ago, has now been published by A. C. Fifield of London. Like other pieces by the same author it is not lacking in whimsical humor or satirical point, but it is not the equal in general literary or dramatic quality of "The Return of the Prodigal," "The Charity That Began at Home," or "The Cassilis Engagement." In the main it is a plea, if not exactly for free love, at all events for the free right of motherhood, without any preliminary or subsequent matrimonial contract, on the broad ground that the way of nature is older than social or religious regulations. Mr. Hankin, of course, has invented conditions to suit his theories. He has imagined a young woman, of high, independent spirit, who revolts against the hollow pretence and artificial restrictions of the life imposed upon her by her father—a faded remnant of the old feudal system—surrenders herself to a boyish lover, and makes her way to London, where she supports herself and her child, and, with the aid of a convenient legacy—the *deus ex machina* in this instance—starts a hat shop and maintains herself in wealth and respectability. So impregnable is her position that she rejects with scorn later suggestions of marriage with her lover, refusing to interfere between him and the bride of his riper choice. This brilliant and hardy heroine, the mouthpiece of Mr. Hankin's philosophy, pours easy ridicule upon the conventions which she has so successfully disregarded, but carefully avoids all reference to the economic consequences which would follow upon a general adoption of her principles. An adept in the use of specious or superficial argument, she is conspicuously deficient in the common sense of which she is supposed to be a shining example. Wholly apart from any question of morals the play is as mischievous as it is foolish in its advocacy of a sexual liberty which would be speedily subversive of all social order. In its satire it is both amusing and effective, but its characterization, except in the case of the heroine, is stale, and its dramatic quality insignificant. It is, indeed, rather a thesis than a play.

"The Prisoner of the Bastile," a new version by Norman Forbes of Dumas's "The Man in the Iron ask," which is said to have made a hit at the London Lyceum, is a wild, romantic melodrama, in which historical fact seems to have been treated with rather more contempt than usual. The hero is supposed to be the elder twin brother of Louis XIV, and prisoner and usurper are both in love with Louise de la Vallière. The leading parts are doubled by Matheson Lang.

"Vera" is the name of a play written for Fannie Ward, by Lee Arthur and Forest Halsey. It is supposed to be illustrative of the "unwritten law" of which too much has been heard lately. The scene is laid in America, and the heroine kills the man who has failed to redeem his promise of marriage. Charles Cartwright is to play the part of a faithful old servant of the homicidal lady. The piece will be seen first in London.

Henry Russell, of the new Boston opera house, is the latest manager to defy the big singers. He will, to be sure, open his house with Nordica and Constantino, but, after that the ensemble, not the star, is to be relied on. He may succeed if it is true, as reported, that with the building not yet completed, no new operas promised, no stars featured, already every one of the fifty-eight subscription boxes and every one of the subscription seats in the orchestra and balcony is taken for the three years required, with a long waiting list. While abroad, Mr. Russell intends to hunt for good singers in Russia, being convinced that that country has not been studied to its last possibility by the impresarios.

Norreys Connell, who had been acting as manager of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, has accepted the post of director, in the place of the late J. M. Synge. A new one-act play by him, "Time," was recently performed. It is an allegorical fantasy, and might be described as a modern morality play. The scene is on a highroad leading to Rome, and there are three characters—an artist, a young girl, and Time. At the same theatre there was produced recently a new play by Lord Dunsany, "The Glittering Gate." The action takes place in Purgatory. The two characters, who were burglars during their earthly existence, succeed in opening the glittering gate, only to find, to their disappointment, a heaven full of stars.

The Theatre of Ireland Society recently produced two new plays in Dublin One "The Shuiler's Child," by Seumas O'Kelly, is the story of a child deserted by its parents, and taken from the workhouse to nurse in a farmer's house. In the second piece, "The Gomeril," Rutherford Mayne has produced a humorous study of Ulster life, which owed much of its success to the clever acting of Miss Nora Fitzpatrick as the elderly spinster who was to have provided the Gomeril with a bride.

The opera season of 1908 and 1909 has been disastrous throughout Italy, owing to the lack of good singers. Theatre after theatre has been closed, after playing to half-empty houses. Strauss's new opera, "Elektra," was received at the Scala, Milan, with a mixture of applause and hissing on the first night, and at the second representation the house was not half filled. Such a failure following that at Berlin and Dresden may react on the popularity of "Salome."

Isaac Albeniz, the Spanish composer, died May 19 at the age of forty-seven. He was a pupil of Marmontel, Jadassohn, Reinecke, and Liszt. "The Magic Opal," a comic opera, was brought out in London in 1893. Among his other operas are "Enrico Clifford" and "Pepita Jiménez." He composed about two hundred pieces for the piano. He made his home in London for many years.

Art.

Mediæval Architecture: Its Origins and Development, with Lists of Monuments and Bibliographies. By Arthur Kingsley Porter. 2 vols.: I, The Origins; II, Normandy and the Ile de France. Pp. xviii+482, 499; 289 illustrations. New York: Baker & Taylor. $15.

The intellectual quality of mediæval European architecture, the strict logic of its evolution, and the poetic beauty of its masterpieces make it a peculiarly attractive study to laymen as well as to architects; but it is a singular fact that no one has yet produced a comprehensive history of the group of styles which we call Romanesque and Gothic. Some scores of writers in English, French, and German have treated particular phases of this architecture or, in brief handbooks, have epitomized certain aspects or divisions of its history and development, but the public is still waiting for a general history of Christian mediæval architecture by a competent hand. The two handsome volumes by Mr. Porter are apparently the beginning of a monumental series designed to fulfil this comprehensive programme. Otherwise the title is misleading. These volumes deal chiefly with French ecclesiastical architecture of the middle ages, although the preludes include an extended discussion of Greek and Roman architecture and a somewhat briefer survey of the basilican and Byzantine styles. The Italian, English, and German styles are considered mainly in their relations to the general movement which reached its highest development in France and French Gothic architecture, as if it were the only architecture worthy of extended study

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since the middle of the twelfth century. The second volume, indeed, deals solely with the architecture of Normandy and the Ile de France.

The chief defects of this ambitious effort to cultivate exhaustively a restricted field, lie in the author's strong predilections and antipathies, the lack of balance in his judgments, and, it must be confessed, an apparent deficiency in technical training. Roman architecture and renaissance design arouse his fierce hostility; "depraved taste of modern times," "blatancy," "vulgarity," "dreary monotony" are the terms he constantly applies to them; while the Gothic forms are "ravishing," "entrancing," "lovely," and otherwise superlatively pure and excellent. This uncritical partisanship, with not infrequent slips in the discussion of the technicalities of vaulting and construction, seriously mar a work which, with judicious pruning and revision, would gain in value what it might lose in bulk.

Yet in spite of these serious defects, Mr. Porter's work possesses many notable merits. It is a monument of painstaking documentary research, and many of its sections are excellent reading. The style is rather loose, but readable and sometimes spirited. The presentation of the historical environment and of the less obvious forces at work in the production of the great architectural activity of the middle ages, especially in France, is often admirable. Statements of fact are generally accurate, and authorities are quoted on matters of controversy. The bibliographies at the end of each volume indicate wide acquaintance with the authorities, and a scholarly habit in classification and citation. They constitute an apparatus of great value to all future students of architecture. But they are less interesting and remarkable than the lists of monuments, with more or less extended historical and critical notices, which follow each chapter. Thus in the Lombard list, 92 separate buildings are noted, with specific comment on all but a half-dozen or less. In the Norman list 413 churches are mentioned, and in the Gothic (pre-flamboyant) list 392, nearly all in both lists with at least a line or two of comment or description, while some have a full page or more of text. Published in a volume apart, these bibliographies and lists would alone constitute an important work of reference. For this digest of a vast body of information otherwise only obtainable by digging through hundreds of volumes, many of them rare, students of architecture owe Mr. Porter a real debt, and will easily overlook the occasional display of recondite and unnecessary erudition.

The illustrations are numerous, and for the most part well chosen, with a fair sprinkling of plans; but there should have been many more sections than are shown, for the section gives the key to the structural design in Gothic architecture. The omission of scales from all the plans and of reference letters employed in the text from several of the diagrams, is also to be regretted. Indexes, tables of contents, and lists of illustrations are full. The printing is excellent.

The Plate Collector's Guide: Arranged from Cripps's "Old English Plate." By Percy Macquoid; with numerous illustrations and plate-marks. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.25 net.

The Old Royal Plate in the Tower of London, including the Old Silver Communion Service of the Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula within the Tower. By E. Alfred Jones. Oxford: Fox, Jones & Co.

To two classes of American readers authoritative works on old English plate are especially valuable. Many well-to-do people in this country have collections of plate which they have bought with more or less discrimination. Practical silversmiths are doing sufficiently important work here to need the inspiration of examples of the best of other times and countries, and, failing originals or such electroplated reproductions as have been provided in some museums, good illustrations have great value. Both collectors and craftsmen will find Mr. Macquoid's abridgment a satisfactory and inexpensive substitute for Cripps's monumental work, which, since its first appearance in 1878, has gone through many editions. Some parenthetical additions have been included to embody the results of late research. The omissions appear in the main to have been judiciously made, though the entire exclusion of the chapter dealing with ecclesiastical plate must somewhat impair the value of the book in this country, where the making of articles for ecclesiastical use is among the most promising developments of American arts and crafts. Half-tone illustrations have been extensively used in place of the line drawings in "Old English Plate." Several photographs are from Winchester College plate which was practically unknown before 1903.

E. Alfred Jones's book is one of the sumptuous volumes dear to the English country house. It is no perfunctory performance. The author, who has also been responsible for the illustrated catalogues of the collections of plate owned by J. Pierpont Morgan and by Leopold de Rothschild and of the royal plate collections at Windsor Castle and at St. Petersburg, owes to the favor of King Edward VII his privilege of studying the treasures of the Tower which made the present book possible. These extraordinary facilities have been well utilized. Mr. Jones's concise, well-written text is devoted to simple statement of facts. He has no archæological thesis to maintain. He sets forth what is definitely known about a number of the most serious commissions ever entrusted to English metal workers, describing in detail such objects as the Coronation Anointing Spoon, made in the late twelfth or early thirteenth century, and by some lucky accident spared the crucible in which Charles I melted down royal heirlooms; the Charles II Font and Basin, employed in christening many members of the royal line; the beautiful silver gilt maces, made for sergeants-at-arms in the reigns of Charles II, James II, and William and Mary; and the communion vessels in the Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula whose cypher the author believes to be that of Queen Charlotte. Mr. Jones's letterpress abounds in illuminating citations of original documents. The extreme floridity, for example, of the objects made for royalty in the first years after the Restoration is explained, of course, by the influx of Dutch artists whom Charles II encouraged to such an extent that in 1664 the London silversmiths petitioned him for protection from their competition. Among the biographical notices is an account of Francis Garthorne, who was employed by every monarch from Charles II to George I, and whose initials are found on a paton and communion vessels in Trinity Church, New York, on three vessels at Christ Church, Cambridge, and on a flagon at St. Paul's Church, Newburyport.

The Russian Archæological Institute has issued a report of the investigations under its care at Salonica during the years 1907 and 1908. The quantity and value of the remains discovered in the three churches of St. Demetrios, St. Sophia, and St. George give Salonica an importance second only to Ravenna as a treasury of Byzantine art. The researches made under the control of the Institute by its director, Mr. Upensky, were chiefly devoted to the Church of St. Demetrios. The mosaics were overlaid with whitewash at the time of the Turkish Conquest. The Imperial government recently decided to carry out some repairs, which resulted in the temporary uncovering of the mosaics. When Mr. Upensky had the opportunity to make his investigations the workmen had already recovered part of the mosaics; but he was able to make detailed investigations in the nave, on the north transept, and in the lateral colonnades. St. Demetrios, the patron saint of Salonica, is the most prominent figure in the compositions, appearing about a dozen times in various postures. In one case he is represented standing in a shell-shaped niche and wearing a white robe bordered with gold and decorated with a large band. Near by is a group of three persons: In the centre is St. Demetrios; on the right stands the Illyrian prefect Leontius, and on the left Bishop Eusebius. Ikons of the Virgin also appear in many places. These are of interest to students, for they re-

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call the most ancient extant representations of the Holy Mother—such as, for instance, that in the Church of Kitti, near Larnaca in Cyprus. The Panaghia occurs in all groups commemorating miraculous cures achieved by St. Demetrios, although in the corresponding legends there is no mention of the Virgin's intervention. The backgrounds of the groups are landscapes, architectural details, and cultus-objects. On a series of medallions are representations of saints.

From the annals of Salonica we know that the Basilica of St. Demetrios was destroyed by fire in the seventh century. The mosaics now discovered would thus appear to belong largely to the time of rebuilding. But Mr. Upensky gives reasons for assigning many of the remains to an earlier period, which would indicate that the destruction of the church was only partial. An inscription gives the date of the restoration as belonging to the period of Leo the Iconoclast, who reigned in the first half of the eighth century. The characteristic feature of the mosaics is their realism. The scenes are taken from actual life and are devoid of mystic or symbolical significance. The designs are clear and vigorous, and the faces, which are represented in full or three-quarter view, are full of character. As regards technique, blue is the prevailing color of the backgrounds; silver is always used for the nimbus; there is no nacre on the vestments. The mosaic is formed of tiny cubes, much smaller ones being used for the faces than for the rest of the composition.

The recent investigations made by Dr. Dörpfeld of the German Archæological Institute at Olympia have set beyond doubt the truth of the old legends which ascribed the importance of that city to a time before the Dorian invasion. Excavations around the Metroön and the Treasuries have brought to light remains of small dedicatory temples of prehistoric date. In a black sandy stratum were discovered sherds and other earthenware objects, which in their form and incised decoration show close affinity to the pottery found on neolithic sites.

Several notable prices were obtained at the sale of the Cuthbertson pictures at Christie's, May 21. Romney's portrait of Mrs. Blackburne went to Agnews for $26,000, his Mrs. Newbury was secured by the Bath Museum for $26,775. Jacques's The Flock was bought by a New York house for $16,000.

The Académie des Beaux-Arts, in the section of architecture, has elected Victor-Alexandre-Frédéric Laloux, in place of the late Alfred Normand. The new Academician built the railway stations at Tours and at the Quai d'Orsay.

Charles Green Bush, chief cartoonist of the New York *World*, died May 21 at the age of sixty-six. He was first an illustrator for Harper & Bros., and after a few years went to Paris, where he studied drawing at Rimmel's, and with Bonnat. He drew cartoons for the *Herald* and *Telegram* for several years, and in 1897 joined the staff of the *World*. Among his creations was "Father Knickerbocker."

The death is announced from Paris of M. Colomb, the caricaturist known in France as "Moloch." He had been a strong satirist of men in office and of politicians.

Finance.

A CHAPTER IN HIGH FINANCE.

The death of Henry H. Rogers has evoked the various comments always suggested by the death of a Wall Street magnate of enormous wealth; they had mostly to do with the financial effects of the event; for Wall Street regards its rich men less as men than as cogs in the wheels of a huge machine. There are, however, other considerations which arise in the thoughtful mind.

It is not as an organizer and manager of the Standard Oil Company that Mr. Rogers is likely to be chiefly remembered—another capitalist will personify that exploit in later history—but as one of the so-called "Standard Oil group" whose spectacular activities were in other fields. John D. Rockefeller, some years ago, went out of his way to declare, in a public interview, that the company was not concerned in Stock Exchange operations, that there was no "Standard Oil party" in the speculative market; and that the whole allegation was merely based on the fact that Standard Oil directors owned investments in other corporations. This was a somewhat specious declaration.

The actions of this particular group of capitalists, early in the financial "boom" which began with 1898, gave a wholly new conception of the functions of what had previously been known as "high finance." Borrowed from Europe's markets, this term had long referred to bodies of immensely wealthy capitalists who acted in concert, who dealt with governments when national debts had to be incurred, and who moved their fortunes into and out of given investments, usually of the highest character, according as circumstances of the day made the outlook favorable or unfavorable. High finance thus became the epitome of conservatism; it was popularly regarded with deep respect and with something of awe, for it was known to stand, not only for the soundest financial judgment, but for the most strictly honorable methods.

The "promotion period" from 1899 to 1901 in America turned men's heads; it was then that high finance in America began to acquire a very different reputation. The story really opened with the Amalgamated Copper flotation of 1899, which was carried out in a way as wide as the poles asunder from European high finance; the methods of unscrupulous and irresponsible mine promoters being sedulously followed. This was done distinctly under the names and auspices of the "Standard Oil group," and was something not far from a public scandal. Events moved swiftly after that. By 1901, an extraordinary situation had arisen. American high finance was divided into two bitterly hostile camps, of which the "Standard Oil group" was one. Both had engaged in sensational promotion schemes, some of which were of a highly questionable character; both were speculating heavily on the Stock Exchange. One of them seemed, at the climax of the April stock-jobbing mania of that year, to have lost all sense of restraint or proportion, apparently believing that aggregated capital could defy the laws of political economy and create a "new finance" in which the principles of preceding centuries would be abolished.

In this period of mental unsettlement, however, the "Standard Oil group" seemed to retain its senses. It avoided the extravagant promoting mania which afflicted the rest of Wall Street, and was possibly for that reason better equipped when it plunged headlong into the celebrated conflict with its rivals over possession of the Northern Pacific. It lost the fight, but it had not entangled itself in a score of other directions as the rival group had done, and in 1903 it had its reward, picking up at bargain prices the securities which the others flung over in their struggles with the "rich men's panic."

It was thought, at the time, that even if the old-time traditions of high finance were gone, this issue to the events of 1901 meant that Rogers and his colleagues of the "Standard Oil group" possessed enough of the ancient attributes of high finance to keep them at least from illusions and excesses. There was, however, no real ground for such inference; the senseless efforts of these capitalists to fix their own price for copper, through the Amalgamated concern, had shown that they too were subject to the illusions of the day; and the next few years proved that nothing whatever had been learned from the experience of 1903. When 1906 and 1907 arrived, the tables were turned, between the two rival groups of high finance, in a most dramatic way. Rogers and his associates lost their heads exactly as their rivals had done in 1901, tying themselves up in an ill-timed and ill-judged Stock Exchange speculation of enormous proportions, based on prodigious home and foreign borrowing, and on utterly reckless use of the surplus funds of the largest corporation which they controlled. Thus entangled, they were caught in the panic of 1907, with results which Wall Street was able dimly to follow, and which gave the last touch of absurdity to theories of the La Follette sort that these capitalists themselves brought on the panic, to serve their selfish purposes. While they were floundering in the stock and money markets, the rival group whose predicament they had used to so profitable a purpose in 1903 was engaged in picking up the similar bargains of 1907.

Altogether, it is a curious story in the annals not only of the Stock Exchange, but of that high finance, to the popular

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idea of which it has given so new a shape. Yet it was typical of the period's financial history. "Thinking in hundred millions" for purposes of promotion and manipulation led naturally to the sequel of fortunes of fifty millions or more, embarked in turbulent Stock Exchange speculation, and subjected to losses in the tens of millions through exhausted margins.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Arctander, John W. The Apostle of Alaska. Revell. $1.50 net.
Bancroft, Marie and Squire. The Bancrofts. Dutton. $5 net.
Bigg, Charles. The Origins of Christianity. Henry Frowde.
Blythe, Samuel G. We Have With Us Tonight. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus. 50 cents.
Buckland, Frank Merton. Rhymes of the Stream and Forest. Forest and Stream.
Carlisch, Rabbi Edward N. The Jew in Literature. Richmond, Va.: Bell Book and Stationery Company. $2 net.
Cleveland, Frederick A. Chapters on Municipal Administration and Accounting. Longmans, Green. $2 net
Cross, Wilbur L. The Life and Times of Laurence Sterne. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Gerhard, Wm. Paul. The Sanitation, Water Supply and Sewage Disposal of Country Houses. D. Van Nostrand. $2 net.
Ginzberg, Louis. The Legends of the Jews. Vol. I, from Creation to Jacob. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society. $2.
Hankin, St. John. The Last of the De Mullins. London: A. C. Fifield.
Hayes, John Russell. Old Meeting Houses. Philadelphia: Biddle Press. $1.
Holcomb, Walt. Popular Lectures of Sam P. Jones. Revell. 75 cents net.
Howells, W. D. The Mother and the Father. Harper. $1.20 net.
Kennedy, Daniel Edwards. Philip the Forester: A Romance of the Valley of Gardens. Brookline, Mass.: The Queen's Shop. $4.50 net.
Kipling, Rudyard. Just So Stories. Doubleday, Page.
Kirkpatrick, E. A. Genetic Psychology. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Leadam, I. S. The History of England. Vol. IX. Longmans, Green.
Lodge, Sir Oliver. The Ether of Space. Harper.
Lyon, Milford H. For the Life That Now Is. Revell. 75 cents net.
Masten, Vincent Myron. The Crime Problem. Elmira: Star-Gazette Co.
Melville, Helen and Lewis. London's Lure. London: George Bell & Sons. $1.25 net.
Milton Memorial Lectures 1908. Edited by Percy W. Ames. Henry Frowde.
Mitchell, Margaret J. The Fireless Cook Book. Doubleday, Page. $1.25.
Motley, John Lothrop. History of the Netherlands. 2 vols. Harper.
Mumm, A. L. Five Months in the Himalaya. Longmans, Green.
Norris, Frank. The Third Circle. John Lane. $1.50.
Northrop, George Norton. In Itinere (Poems). London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.
Patterson, M. W. A History of the Church of England. Longmans, Green.
Perkins, Clara Crawford. French Cathedrals and Chateaux. 2 vols. Henry Holt.
Saltus, Edgar. Daughters of the Rich. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25.
Scott, James Brown. The Hague Peace Conferences. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.
Shadwell, Arthur. Industrial Efficiency. Longmans, Green.
Stack, Frederic William. Wild Flowers Every Child Should Know. Doubleday, Page. $1.20.
Stewart, J. A. Plato's Doctrine of Ideas. Henry Frowde.
Stifler, James M. The Fighting Saint. Revell. 75 cents net.
Toynbee, Paget. Dante in English Literature. 2 vols. Macmillan. $5 net.
Ward, Mrs. Humphry. Marriage à la Mode. Doubleday, Page. $1.20.
Warren, Maude Radford. Peter-Peter. Harper. $1.50.
Wodehouse, P. G. Love Among the Chickens. Circle Publishing Co. $1.50.
Wright, Sir A. E. Studies on Immunisation. London: Constable & Co.

Notable New Novels Just Ready

Walter P. Eaton, who made his reputation as dramatic critic of the "Sun" and author of "The American Stage of To-day," is co-author with Elise M. Underhill of **The RUNAWAY PLACE.**

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One of the publishers' readers wrote of **Eva Lathbury's THE LONG GALLERY:** "Work of a really high order . . . the characters are live, the situations intensely interesting and real . . . has somewhat the same charm that Kenneth Graham's stories have, tho from quite a different viewpoint; and has even a suggestion of Kipling's 'They' and 'The Brushwood Boy.'" ($1.50.)

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Newspapers as Historical Sources

For the period which covered Reconstruction, from 1865 to 1877, I used *The Nation* to a large extent. Its bound volumes are convenient to handle in one's own library, and its summary of events is useful in itself, and as giving leads to the investigation of other material. Frequently its editorials have spoken for the sober sense of the people with amazing success. As a constant reader of *The Nation* since 1866, I have felt the fascination of Godkin, and have been consciously on guard against it. I tried not to be led away by his incisive statements and sometimes uncharitable judgments. But whatever may be thought of his bias, he had an honest mind, and was incapable of knowingly making a false statement; and this, with his other qualities, makes his journal excellent historical material. After considering with great care some friendly criticism, I can truly say that I have no apology to make for the extent to which I used *The Nation*.—*James Ford Rhodes,* in *The Atlantic Monthly, May,* 1909.

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